

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

THE DEMOCRATIC BLUNDER.

THE Democratic Convention has met, nominated for President Horatio Seymour, of New York, and for Vice-President Francis P. Blair, of Missouri, and adjourned. That these nominations have been a disappointment to great numbers is not to be disguised. The conviction is prevalent that, let the platform be what it may, this is a ticket which cannot be elected. But the platform itself is also a disappointment. As regards the finances its enunciation is simply dishonest. The Republican manifesto is in this respect equivocal and unsatisfactory enough; but, bad as it is, that of the Democrats is worse. It would seem that the leaders of both parties think it wiser to attempt to deceive than to be straightforward. Neither of them trust the people. Both see that what would be most agreeable to one section would be least so to another. Both feel unable to afford to displease either section. Both therefore take refuge in ambiguity. But if we may pretend to measure intentions where men are at such pains to conceal them, we should say that the Republicans are in this matter nearer right than the Democrats. The latter are apparently honest enough to avow a dishonest purpose; the former are dishonest enough to seek to conceal an honest purpose. In each case the proceeding tells against our existing system of government, since it implies that where the interests of sections are opposed deception is hereafter to be used to make them appear identical. The temptation to deceive, being confined to no party, is likely to increase as sectional interests augment and diversify, and the palpable under-current of feud as between the East and the West was an ominous sign in this convention of antagonism which promises to grow sharper with time. In other respects the Democratic platform is direct and such as we may cordially approve. It recognizes the questions of slavery and secession to have been absolutely and permanently settled by the war; demands the immediate restoration of all the states to their rights in the Union under the Constitution, and consequently the supersession of the military by the civil authority; and further demands amnesty for all past political offences and the regulation of the elective franchise in the states by their citizens. So far as the platform approaches the question of free trade its utterance is no more satisfactory than on that of finance. On the whole, the points relating to the treatment of the South and to the disposition of the suffrage question are the only ones we feel able without qualification to endorse.

It is scarcely necessary that we should repeat at this time what has so often been said or implied in these columns respecting the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. We have held ex-Governor Seymour to be one of the ablest as well as one of the most upright statesmen the country has produced, and nothing has lately occurred to weaken either estimate. The charges of elaborate trickery so freely made against Mr. Seymour and his friends in the matter of the nomination, may safely be dismissed with the hundreds of other warm and injurious calumnies that a heated canvass is likely to bring forth. Mr. Seymour is too sincere a patriot and too exalted a gentleman to descend to deeds whose place in the imagination of those who impute them is so easily to be accounted for. If we closely compare and weigh the two present candidates, Grant and Seymour, and are able to consider their merits apart from political bias, it is impossible to deny that the latter, by natural intellectual powers, by education, by social culture, by experience of public affairs, is infinitely the fitter man of the two to be President of the United States. Yet without indulging in the cynicism of saying that this with the masses will afford the best of reasons for not electing him, it is equally impossible to deny that there are other and extrinsic considerations which render it extremely improbable that Mr. Seymour can beat

General Grant in November. These considerations are very strong. Not all Grant's curious want of personal magnetism can greatly diminish them to his prejudice. Not all Seymour's affluence in just such magnetism can overcome the force with which they will operate against him. We regret that this should be the case, since, while disavowing all partisan predilection, we agree with great numbers of sober-minded people in believing that it would be to the advantage of the country to interrupt Republican rule. The pacification of the South, the reduction of our vast military expenses, the turning over to honest labor of the hordes of useless vampires who, on one pretext or another, are retained in the public service to serve the exigencies of the dominant party, and to suck the life-blood of an impoverished people—these and other minor objects, added to the paramount one of putting the settlement of the suffrage question where it constitutionally belongs, and thus providing for what by no other peaceable and possible means can in the sequel be provided for, have been the desiderata which, incompatible to our view with continued Republican ascendancy, might be happily attained through a change of administration. We do not, however, believe that these advantages are to be gained through a popular appeal which is based on a reaffirmation of the principles and a bringing forward of the exponents of the peace party. It may be proved with logical precision that there is no relevancy between the obsolete issues of those who were termed Copperheads and the issues on which the coming battle is to be fought; but the people at large will, notwithstanding, identify the one with the other, and with consequences that may readily be predicted from experience.

It is our persuasion that a large proportion of the thinking men of the country are at this moment dissatisfied with both platforms and both nominations. We are convinced that a platform including (1) immediate restoration of all the states, (2) general amnesty, (3) entire relegation of the suffrage question to the states themselves, (4) *clear acknowledgement of the national debt in the sense in which it was understood by both borrower and lender when contracted, and disclaiming all tricks, shifts, or evasions in connection with the debt or any part of it now and for ever*, and (5) sweeping reduction of taxation as a consequence of reducing military and other expenditures to the lowest practicable point, and the relief from taxation of all but a very few articles (to be taxed for revenue not protection), would command general assent such as, with all their powerful organization, the manifestoes of the two parties would in opposing such a platform fail to secure. There are thousands of moderate Republicans who would rather not vote for Grant, who certainly would have voted for Chase or for a ticket, for example, like Adams and Hancock, but who assuredly will not vote for Seymour. There are thousands of war Democrats whose support would have been enthusiastic for any other candidate, but which, if given at all, will be given with grudging lukewarmness to their party candidate. There are thousands, more numerous than either, who, since the war, have drifted into an indefinite or neutral state of mind respecting political questions, but who have a general conviction that the Republicans, either through the legitimate fruit of their principles or through unfortunate leadership, have become too violent, cruel, and exacting toward the South, and too grasping and reckless of consequences in their determination to retain power; and all or nearly all such persons, in thinking how their votes would best serve the country, would have voted for almost any candidate of a moderate type in preference to Grant. But the alienation of this class from the Democratic ranks is rendered a moral certainty by the course that in fact has been adopted.

Under the circumstances, it will not be surprising if, during the next few weeks, a call should be made for the assemblage of a National or People's Convention, with the result of putting before the country, for the Presidency, the name of Chief-Justice Chase, strengthened by some popular Union general or eminent civilian for the Vice-Presidency. Either General Hancock or Mr. Adams would add dignity and force to such a ticket, which would combine some elements of success unshared by either of its rivals. As it

would injure the Republican, at least, as much as the Democratic vote, the friends of Mr. Seymour would have little reason to complain; indeed, circumstances might even arise to make such a movement the occasion to them for peculiar congratulation. If our estimates are correct, Mr. Seymour, as the case stands, has no chance at all. He would have nothing less, but possibly something more, in the event of the nomination of Mr. Chase by an independent convention.

GOLD.

FROM the days of Hesiod down to Tupper writers have taxed their ingenuity to invent names which they fancied especially applicable to the different periods of the world's history. The past has thus been divided into the golden, the patriarchal, the heroic, the classic, the pastoral, the feudal, and various other ages, while this matter-of-fact nineteenth century of ours has been called the age of steam, of electricity, of iron, of science, of progress, etc.—all, perhaps, sufficiently appropriate so far as they go, but still not quite expressive of what we consider its chief characteristic. If any age is entitled to the distinction of being called the golden, it seems to us that it should certainly be the present age, and not the fabled one of Saturn, for at no other time has man possessed such immense stores of the precious metal. Statisticians tell us that this single generation has taken more gold from the mines and streams of America, Australia, and Asia than its predecessors have succeeded in winning from the earth during the previous three hundred and fifty years. The famous Eldorado of the Spaniards, which excited the envy and the wonder of the middle ages, dwindles almost into insignificance when contrasted with our own golden wealth. Since the beginning of the present century the amount of gold has increased nearly sixteen-fold, and since 1848 it has quadrupled.

From 1846 to 1848, before the cession of California to the United States, its yearly product was estimated at about sixty millions of dollars; in 1863 it is already computed to have exceeded 290 millions; and, as with the progress of geographical discovery that of new regions abounding in treasure keeps pace, this increase must naturally continue from year to year. Indeed, the experience of the last two decades fully justifies the assertion that gold is not, as formerly supposed, restricted to certain localities specially favored by nature, but that it is distributed, in greater or less quantities, over the entire surface of the globe. The fear once entertained that the supply would ultimately be exhausted, seems therefore premature. Gold, from having been the rarest metal, has become one of the most common. No sooner does one auriferous deposit give out than another, more extensive, supplies its place. Under the injudicious management of Spain the prolific mines of Mexico, Peru, and Chili gradually ceased to be productive. The rich veins struck in the Ural, and in those vast territories absorbed by Russia (until then scarcely known by name), however, amply made up for this falling-off in South America. Next came the discovery of the wealth so long in the keeping of the indolent mongrels who owned California, which was soon followed by that of the immense gold-fields in Australia, New Zealand, British Columbia, by people of a more hardy and enterprising race. From that date discovery has rapidly succeeded discovery in almost every quarter of the globe. The whole great American Northwest up to Alaska, and to Nova Scotia in the northeast, has been found to be a series of gold-producing lands. Gold exists in abundance in the provinces lying west of the Ural chain, as far as the eastern boundary of Siberia, on the Japan sea. It is met with in the different ranges of the Altai group, in the Stanovoi and Jablonoi mountains, on the upper Ussuri, and through the whole Amoor region. The idea once obtained that gold "grew" best in the torrid zone, but the mines in the Tajia of Siberia, where the thirst for gain has driven man to delve for the precious metal in the perpetually frozen soil under the 70th degree of north latitude, have refuted it.

Neither the geographical situation nor the physical configuration of a region furnishes a certain clue to the existence of gold, for it is found almost everywhere. It

may be close to the sea-coast, as on the Pacific shore, or extend away back into the very heart of a continent, as in Russia; it may be in a hilly country, or in a perfectly level one. The only unfailing indication of its presence seems to be the geological composition of the mountains; and even the great Humboldt was mistaken in his theory, which assumed that gold could only be met with in considerable quantities in those mountain ranges which run parallel with the degrees of longitude. Gold, however, occurs only very rarely in the stratified fletz. The primary formations, provided they have been subjected to volcanic or Plutonic influences, alone appear an exception to this rule, for the strata of the older graywacke of the Silurian period contain gold. It has also been discovered in alluvial soil, boulders, pebbles, sand, etc., where these secondary products are derived from the same formations. Such were the gold-washings of the ancients on the Phasis, Pactolus, Po, Douro, and equally the streams which carried gold in their descent from the Alpine heights of Greece, Italy, Asia Minor, and other countries. All these passed through the Silurian formation, and wheresoever gold was found in the sands of Nubia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Macedonia, subsequent researches have shown that their rivers washed through strata of primary formation and the Silurian epoch. Recent investigations in Asia, America, and New Zealand give the same results, and modern geologists are agreed that the so-called azoic and palæozoic formations are the only ones that contain large masses of gold, though we know no reason, physical or chemical, why this should be.

Gold is one of the few metals that exists pure, in which state it is insoluble, and can, therefore, not be detached in the shape of vapor by volcanic eruption and projected to the upper crust of the earth. It must, by some chemical process, and under peculiar circumstances, which science has not yet been able to explain, have worked its way up. But though chance has had much to do with the discovery of gold in many places, in others the eye of the geologist has anticipated its presence. This was the case in Australia. Sir Roderick Murchison, the distinguished English geologist, who had already explored the Ural, was struck with the geological resemblance which the mountain ranges of these widely-separated regions bore to one another. By a series of deductions he arrived at the opinion that both must contain gold. When he announced this conclusion it created quite a stir in scientific circles, and many shook their heads over a discovery which time has fully confirmed. Science now infers in some instances the presence of gold, like that of coal, from the rolling character of the soil, and certain strata and petrifications.

The question whether the production of gold is likely to hold out, and how long, cannot yet be answered with any degree of certainty. It is known that the gold-dust which has been obtained with so little trouble and expense in Australia, California, New Zealand, British Columbia, etc., by washing, is gradually giving out. The amount has already decreased there to an extent that the diggers are leaving for fresh fields. But the case is different where shafts have been sunk in the quartz veins of the solid rock. It was not until this was done in the Sierra Nevada that the California gold product reached its maximum. The same results have been observed in other regions where quartz veins were opened, and there is every reason to believe that the supply is almost inexhaustible.

Volumes might easily be written on gold and the history of its latest discoveries, and it is strange that no competent writer should yet have undertaken to collect the constantly accumulating material for such a work. The effects which the increase of the precious metal must exert on the ethnographic and financial relations of states, on the future of the auriferous countries in the Pacific and the South Sea, and the startling changes which the discovery produces in the social and material condition of communities and individuals, might well engage the attention of the philosophic inquirer. Wherever the glistening particles are found, there towns and cities spring up, roads and railways are laid out, deserts are peopled, and the wilderness becomes a garden. At the same time this picture has also its dark side. Misery, destitution, cruel-

ty, vice, and crime follow in the train of gold. In the gold mines on the borders of Egypt, relates old Diodorus, multitudes of people had to toil day and night to fill the coffers of a rapacious ruler; barbarian mercenaries of enormous stature and foreign speech were their relentless taskmasters; neither age nor sex were exempt, and thousands upon thousands perished from exhaustion and ill-treatment amidst the riches they had exhumed. These scenes which disgraced the old world were re-enacted again a thousand years later in the new, where the same lust for gold inflicted even greater miseries on the unhappy Mexicans and Peruvians. Nor does human nature appear to have changed very much for the better since, for the record of vice, crime, and demoralization which the earlier history of the gold-diggings presents is not flattering to our boasted civilization. It is not until the probationary period has passed that a land is really benefited by its gold.

RULER-MAKING.

MR. TOM HUGHES'S plucky revolt against the system of election bribery may result in failure, and the force of Mr. Mill's example is seriously impaired by the fact that his conscientious scruples only forbid the questionable use of his own money, and do not interfere with precisely the same use of other people's for his benefit.* But the stand taken by these gentlemen is the beginning, we have little doubt, of the overthrow of a system which, beside its inherent viciousness, must continue to make Parliament a plutocracy in spite of any liberalizing of the franchise. We do not mean that the removal of the barrier which now closes the House of Commons against all but men of large and ready means is likely to give free entrance to working-men. As Mr. Ruskin argued very forcibly in *Time and Tide*, working-men would do their cause more harm than good by putting members of their class, unused to debate and to the entire parliamentary atmosphere, into comparison with adroit and practised opponents, who would have them at their mercy, and know quite well how to present the popular cause, as typified by its representatives, in the most ludicrous and least favorable light. The extension of the suffrage, however, cannot fail in many ways to put a period to a kind of corruption which is efficacious with bodies of limited size, but out of the question with large numbers. This would allow men fairly representing classes now unrepresented to present themselves for election, but who cannot do so as long as an essential prerequisite is the squandering of a fortune on each constituency. It does not seem clear that this purification can be effected by any of the schemes of investigation and punishment which are contemplated in the ordinary bribery bills, or by any measure less sweeping than the transfer of even such "legitimate expenses" as Mr. Mill's admirers are subscribing, from the candidates to the collective body of tax-payers. It seems to be further necessary, to discourage both bribery and the undue influence of voters by landlords and others, that the vote by ballot should be adopted,—a step from which the conservative English mind has always recoiled with a horror that we cannot at all comprehend, except on the score of its adoption having been anticipated by us.

The suppression of bribery and the larger representation of the nation in Parliament—to both of which we may, without undue vanity, assume that our example has largely conduced—will remove two of the features in which the working of the English constitution has seemed to contrast most disadvantageously with our own. For ourselves, it is the part of wisdom to see whether we cannot get similar hints for improvement from our great rival exemplar of constitutional government. Our own political machinery, we must remember, was devised on purely theoretic principles, and it would imply more than human sagacity and prescience in its framers to infer that subsequent

* At Mr. Mill's last election from Westminster the expenses were borne by the gentleman who, as our newspapers would say, ran on the same ticket with him, but who, not unnaturally, declines to renew the arrangement. In *The Daily News*, accordingly, appears, over long columns of subscriptions, headed by the names of Mr. Gladstone and Baron Rothschild, and varying in amount from £100 to 2s. 6d., the following advertisement:

"The Hon. R. W. Grosvenor having undertaken a moiety of such joint election expenses as shall be incurred by the committee, the other moiety will have to be subscribed for by the friends and supporters of Mr. Mill: it being perfectly understood that Mr. Mill declines, upon distinctly avowed principle, as on the previous occasion, to bear any part of the cost of his election."

comparison and familiarity with its actual working performance should exhibit no points in which modifications or readjustments are requisite to its running smoothly and safely. In fact, the English opponents of change have in general been able to allege in reply to hostile criticism that, however complicated and one-sided their government might be, it has still "worked well," so that theoretic simplifications were undesirable. But with us it must be admitted that much has not worked well, and in the matter of ruler-making particularly we believe there are practical details in the English system whose adoption would greatly benefit us. A few such general alterations, we further believe, would obviate the necessity for much of the topical and temporary tinkering with which recent Congresses have vexed and oppressed the country.

At the outset, our whole system of elections will be found to be encumbered by superfluous, often by mischievous, limitations. Of these is the requirement that a man shall be eligible to Congress or the legislature only in the district in which he lives. From this it happens, on the one side, that a man with every personal qualification for a legislator may be doomed to inaction because of his residence in a district where views opposed to his own preponderate on some general or local or political or financial question; and, on the other, it is quite possible for whole communities to be misrepresented, as in the case of New Jersey, where the all-controlling Camden and Amboy monopoly has used its complete organization and immense revenue to such advantage as to exclude from all representation in Congress and almost any in their own state legislature, or even through the press, the very large proportion of Jerseymen who are bitterly opposed to the existing oppressive régime. The advantage Englishmen have over us in this respect is perhaps surpassed by that which is consequent upon their freedom from the tyranny of nominating conventions. These entirely extra-constitutional appliances have undoubted conveniences, but none which compensate for the facilities they afford the politician class for perpetuating their tyranny and accomplishing their corrupt bargainings. In practice it has long been found impossible to induce men of commercial or social influence to have anything to do with primary meetings and local conventions. Their tastes, and still more their avocations, prevent their keeping the run of matters of local politics, to understand which, under the present system, requires almost exclusive attention; and so they have been abandoned to the class of small politicians, and have become thoroughly discreditable. Even the national conventions have long since ceased to represent, if indeed they ever did represent, the sense of the people,—a fact of which no doubt can remain from a survey of the bargainings and trafficking of principles and candidates which form the task of these bodies, or the fact that they ever and anon put forth, as representing the party for which they act, persons of whom most of the party have never heard. The abrogation of conventions is perhaps impossible—it would certainly be strenuously opposed by the large class whose disreputable and pernicious political existence is maintained by them. But if it only served to rid us of this omnipotent but irresponsible camp-following—and there are obvious other advantages—we should do remarkably well to adopt the simpler plan of the English, under which each candidate presents himself where he will and relies upon his own merits to make his way with his constituents.

Of all our curiosities in the way of ruler-making, the election of a president is by far the most anomalous and illogical. Beside the departure from the scheme of the framers of the Constitution—which evidently included no notion of a canvass for predetermined rival candidates, but meant to leave the actual choice to the discretion of the electoral college, a body of presumably high character, whom the people had chosen, and probably instructed, for the purpose—it is impossible to say what are the ultimate units in a presidential election. It is certainly not the people, nor yet the states, nor any body that admits of definition.* A direct vote of the people, in lieu of this nondescript and utterly unmeaning body which simply assembles

* Beyond a general impression that there is something queer about it, there is, we fancy, very little knowledge of the actual composition of the Electoral College. Its most objectionable property is exemplified in the

to count
four ye
of Rh
electo
templa
whose
weigh
leap y
idency
consti
know
similit
cedes
fact, h
of our
chief m
is a fe
would
simila
respon
Since
istry.
tained
depend
slative
her l
work
stanly
ranger
hullab
existen
the fun
sion.
gins to
with a
own p
his re
with f
as mu
the in
holder
moreo
he is
impell
such
even n
no gre
ample
availa
patron
Mr. J
so lon
of the
his te
its vo
—on
volvin
indica
dent
presic
above
and h
follow
joyed i
Sta
Oregon
Delawa
Kansas
Rhode
Minnes
Vermont
New H
Californ
Connect
Iowa,
Maine,
New Y
Ohio,
These
eral stu
of the
seven
inhabit
votes
or, (3
than a
take th
choic
York
jority
jority

to count votes, was proposed without result three or four years ago in the House, we think by Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island. Either this or a remodelling of the electoral college and a restoration of its originally contemplated functions—very different propositions, whose relative significance should be thoroughly weighed—ought to be determined upon before the next leap year's election. Thus far the matter of the presidency has appeared as without a parallel in the British constitution, under which national elections are unknown, and it may be thought that there can be no similitude between heads of states, one of whom accedes by hereditary right, while the other is elected. In fact, however, while one of the most admirable features of our government is the underlying one by which its chief magistrate is the creation of the popular will, it is a feasible thing, and we believe candid deliberation would show it to be a desirable one, to partially assimilate the conditions of the presidency to the corresponding power under the British constitution. Since George III., at the latest, this has been the ministry. Whatever differences of opinion may be entertained on other points, none will deny that a ministry dependent for its existence on the approval of the legislative body has stood the test of working well. On the other hand the presidential term of four years has not worked well. Aside from its shortness and the constantly recurring period of political turmoil and derangement of business, and the violent hubbub and hullabaloo to which nearly an eighth of our national existence is devoted from this cause alone, there are the further nuisances of the re-election and the succession. A president is scarcely in office before he begins to dispose his patronage and cement his alliances with a view either to continuing his leadership of his own party or to calling into being a new one, to secure his re-election. And there are a dozen or a score, with followers numberless, working as diligently, and as much to the disturbance of the popular mind and the injury of public interests from the political officeholders, to frustrate his intention. When a president, moreover, has once fallen from grace in his own party, he is apt to lose all incentive to good behavior, and is impelled to make wild bids for the favor of others, and such excesses are achieved on both sides as we are even now remarkably fortunate to have escaped with no greater injury than has befallen us. Here the example of the English ministry affords suggestion of available relief. Having divested the president of his patronage even more thoroughly than is proposed in Mr. Jenckes's civil service bill, let him retain his office so long as he commands the support of Congress, or of the lower House, with, possibly, an extreme limit to his term. That body goes so often to the people that its vote, by a suitable majority, of want of confidence—on which the Senate might have a veto power involving a special appeal to the people—would clearly indicate the public opinion whether a change of president were desirable or not. Convenience aside, the president's longer continuance in power, his removal above the plane of party contests, his assured position, and his added motive for gaining the approval of the

nation and the world,—the annihilation of the wire-pullers and office-seekers and party pensioners, the sense of provisional stability instead of our present normal condition of incessant mutability,—all these and other inducements that will suggest themselves are reforms of such magnitude as entitles the change, great as it would be, to deliberate consideration.

CONVENTIONAL DECENCY.

MUCH is to be forgiven in hot weather. Who can write, or speak, or, to begin at the beginning, who can *think* as well with the mercury raging at 100 as he can when it lies passively down in the temperates? Who can drive a bargain, or plead a cause, or write an article, or do anything, in short, at his best while his blood is just this side the boiling point and every stitch of his garments is saturate with unwilling moisture? Under such circumstances we must all have compassion on each other, must take the will for the deed, and forbear that censure which in cooler times might be but just and wholesome. Imagination truly may be strong, but it does little of moment in the season of Sirius; least of all does it enable us to escape from the never-ceasing sensation of *broil* which, once begun, is clearly destined to cook us through before it relaxes. For

"Who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December snows
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?"

But with all due tolerance and exceptional consideration for exceptional circumstances, we do not see the propriety of delegates representing the sovereign states of this great country getting very drunk and sitting by broad daylight on the doorsteps of strange houses in Broadway, embracing each other with tipsy affection to the derision of the *gamins* of the street and the indignation and shame of their passing elders. Such a sight we beheld and, not to be misunderstood, before 5 o'clock in the afternoon on a day before that of the Presidential nominations. The particular offenders whom we saw—there might have been numerous other instances, although we should be glad to believe these were the only ones—were dressed in conventional (positively no jest intended) suits of black, with their blue delegate's ribbons conspicuously displayed, and they exhibited themselves, after the fashion described, on the east side of Broadway not far from Thirteenth Street.

We are not sure how far drunkenness prevailed at the Chicago Convention. As the delegates united at their official meetings in singing coarse and uproarious songs and howling at each other like so many red Indians, we have little doubt that they had among them a fair allowance of artificial stimulus. But we certainly have heard of nothing so insulting to common decency, so degrading to the states that sent them, and so significant as a commentary upon our system of nomination as the conduct of these men above mentioned, whom we thus saw at once relieving their hearts and their stomachs for each other's edification in the most public street of the largest city of the nation. We dare say if the truth were all known there would be little to choose between the two conventions in point of morals or manners. Doubtless there were high-minded and able gentlemen in both, but we fear such were the exception and not the rule. The scene we have thought it our duty to record requires no further comment. No sermon, however eloquent or artfully drawn, could possibly, in such a case, be more suggestive or instructive than the mere text itself.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THERE are no signs more characteristic of the radical change going on in every part of our public life than the growing aversion to serving on juries, and the increasing contempt with which the system itself is so generally regarded. The indisposition to serve had until recently found vent only in a systematic indulgence in quiet grumbling when summoned, or in more or less effectual efforts to evade the legal penalty of non-attendance; but lately it has begun to show itself more openly and more decidedly in the shape of various suggestions to secure at least some compensation to the juror for his time and services; all virtually admitting that the present system is no longer bearable. A few years ago the mere suggestion of paying jurymen would have been looked

upon as an insult, as a proposition to barter the citizen's noblest birthright for filthy lucre. Men still live who fervently believe that the rights of the community, the safety of the state, would be imperilled if jurymen were reduced to the degrading position of hired laborers or regularly salaried officials. But it is no longer positively dangerous to life or liberty to doubt the efficacy of the system. A mild suspicion appears to be creeping over men's minds that a "fair and impartial jury of your countrymen" is, after all, not the very best possible arbiter in a disputed question, whether of life and death or dollars and cents. Indeed, we are inclined to think that we shall only utter the thoughts of many readers when we say that this once glorious bulwark of republican liberty, this corner-stone of Anglo-Saxon political existence, is to-day really nothing but a remnant of barbarism, if not yet an antiquated nuisance or an exploded theory.

To begin with, the system of selecting and calling jurymen, as at present practised, is little better than a delusion and a snare. The men who compile the lists are subordinate officers over whom only a very inefficient, if any, control is exercised. They are virtually at liberty to summon whom they please, and to leave unsummoned whom they please. No man can ascertain whether he is rightly summoned; or, if wrongly summoned, whether he has redress. In New York city it is estimated that jury duty should fall to the lot of every citizen once in three years; but there are thousands who are summoned every year, and yet scarcely ever does a court get a full jury out of one panel. In fact, of three hundred jurymen summoned, scarcely forty ever appear; of the absent two hundred and sixty, twenty-five, perhaps, have valid excuses, a few make matters "satisfactory" with the subordinate officers of the court, some are let off by the judges themselves through personal appeal or the influence of friends, and of the remaining two hundred a few wealthy and easy-going ones are actually fined, while the remainder go scot free from sheer inability on the part of the officers to collect fines enough to make it pay, even when not obliged to account too strictly for the money collected. The jurymen who are honest or weak-minded enough to answer the sheriff's summons are thus compelled, year in and year out, at great loss and inconvenience to themselves, to do the disagreeable duty of their friends and neighbors who are less honest or more strong-minded, and thus become every year more and more converted to the prevailing belief that dishonesty is the best policy.

At first sight it would appear that this evil is not directly chargeable to the *system* of trial by jury, but solely to the imperfect administration of one of its subordinate parts. But the truth is that the evil is innate in the system. Men will be men, and as long as that infirmity adheres to them they will evade an unpleasant and unprofitable, nay, frequently highly injurious, duty, just so long as they are not compelled to perform it by physical force or their own moral sense of obligation. Now, the idea of physical force applied to compel the attendance of an unwilling jurymen is so self-evidently absurd that it cannot patiently be thought of. What possible verdicts a jury thus brought together may render it is not difficult to imagine; they could scarcely be depended upon to be in accordance with the rulings of the judge. The compulsion which even the threatened fine imposes is detrimental to all judicial fairness, and many ignorant jurymen actually look upon the judge as a personal enemy, who by threats of punishment compels them to attend, and whom they are in honor bound to oppose to the extent of their ability. Physical force or fines will never bring juries into court; and as for moral obligation, there are not a few who believe that it lies in the direction of abolishing the system altogether as speedily as possible, rather than in tamely submitting to a mediæval imposition simply because nobody has the courage to expose it.

But pass over the injustice practised upon a portion of the community by the unequal application of the system. Suppose your jury fairly summoned—which it never is—and the summons fairly complied with—which it never is—and you have a jury of free and enlightened citizens. In an ordinary case of theft or assault or petty fraud it is highly probable that any twelve average-minded men, taken at hap-hazard from any profession or any class of society, will arrive at a

following table, compiled from the last census, which shows the voice enjoyed in it by the states enumerated:

States.	Population.	Representatives in Congress.	Electoral Votes.	No. Inhabitants to each vote.
Oregon, . . .	52,465	1	3	17,488
Delaware, . .	112,216	1	3	37,405
Kansas, . . .	107,206	1	3	35,735
Rhode Island, .	174,620	2	4	43,655
Minnesota, . .	172,123	2	4	43,031
Vermont, . . .	315,098	3	5	63,019
New Hampshire, .	326,073	3	5	65,225
California, . .	365,439	3	5	73,088
Connecticut, . .	460,147	4	6	76,691
Iowa, . . .	647,913	6	8	80,986
Maine, . . .	628,279	5	7	89,754
	3,361,579	31	53	
New York . . .	3,880,735	31	33	117,598
Ohio, . . .	2,339,551	19	21	111,407
	6,220,286	50	54	

These figures, selected with reference to the particular example, show several strange results of the plan of adding the votes of the senators to those of the delegates to the lower house: (1.) That a vote in Oregon has a seven times greater influence than a vote in New York. (2.) That the inhabitants of the eleven states first named have twenty more electoral votes than the inhabitants, half a million more numerous, of New York; or, (3.) That the population of these eleven states have but one vote less than a population nearly double, in New York and Ohio. (4.) That, to take the extreme example, if each of the eleven states were to declare their choice of a Democratic President by a majority of one each, while New York and Ohio gave a majority of six millions for a Republican, the majority of eleven would come within one electoral vote of balancing the majority of six millions.

just decision if they will give their time and attention to it. The trouble is that the majority of juries in all the courts are not average-minded men; they are, moreover, preoccupied with their own business and family matters, anxious to get home or down-town, and prejudiced almost beyond belief in all cases which seem to affect ever so remotely their own class interests. But, assuming that they are all honest, faithful men, of good intelligence, free from prejudice or private cares, where and what is the use of keeping twelve such men, beside the judge, locked up all day and many days in succession in pestiferous court-rooms to decide upon hundreds of cases that one man would have decided almost invariably in precisely the same way that the twelve did, but in one-fourth the time?

In petty cases no greater evil seems to be involved than wasting the time of thirteen men for four days instead of employing the time of one man for one day. In more important cases the evil is altogether different and far more aggravating. In cases involving large amounts of property, or life and death, honor and shame, requiring frequently the closest discrimination in estimating the weight of evidence, the most subtle interpretation of human motives, the broadest knowledge and understanding of technical or scientific questions, and, above all, a free, sound, and unbiased judgement—rarest of all rare gifts,—in cases requiring qualities like these, who would not rather stake his life, his estate, his good name on the judgement of one upright and thoroughly competent judge than on the verdict of twelve accidental jurors? It were unreasonable to choose otherwise. For it is not a mere knowledge of the law alone that distinguishes the judge from the juror; it is the habit acquired by years of practice of weighing evidence carefully, the quick and correct judgement of the character and trustworthiness of witnesses, the wide knowledge of men and their passions, the faculty to sift and arrange large masses of facts according to their logical sequence, the power to fix the attention for great lengths of time on tedious matters of detail, and, above all, the calm self-control necessary to decide wisely, and the trained moral courage necessary to act on that decision. Will any sane man say that in these qualities, in all that makes the able, accomplished judge, the linen-draper fresh from his counter, the carpenter from his bench, the merchant from his desk, thinking all the while of their neglected business at home, can equal or surpass the practised jurist who follows the business of judging as a profession? And if a judge can judge better than a jury, why have a jury? Why call men away from their homes and shops to attend to what is not their business? Why all but force men into lying and deceit to escape so useless and so onerous a burden? Why insist upon a system that works injustice to the honest and benefits the knave alone?

True, judges may sometimes prove less than honest, faithful, free from prejudice or private interest. Judges have been corrupt, unjust, prejudiced, and passionate, and may be so again. Honesty is rare. But as it takes only one honest man to make an honest judge, whereas it requires twelve honest men to make an honest jury, it would seem that the chances are in favor of getting an honest judge sooner than an honest jury. In fact, it is generally believed that judges are selected for their position somewhat on account of their known honesty, whereas of jurors no particular qualification in this regard is demanded. The truth is, that it is next to impossible to get an honest jury. Not because there are not thousands of honest men to a few rogues, but because in a jury of twelve one or two dishonest men prevent the rest from giving a righteous verdict, and because, where anything is at stake among rogues, the dishonest juror is sure to be there. How they manage to get in on such occasions does not readily appear. But that they are there no one familiar with court-rooms can doubt. An experienced lawyer detects them at a glance; he can point to the man who will "stand out till doomsday," if required, and prevent a verdict. He knows that with that man against him, all his arguments are of no avail; but with that man on his side no arguments are needed. There is more corruption, more downright dishonesty, in giving verdicts among the juries in one day than among all the judges in a month.

When we have once summoned courage to look

closely into this system of trial by jury, we find it difficult to see what can be said in its defence, save that it is one of those institutions reverence for which is inherited from our forefathers. When we stop to inquire what *their* grounds for reverence were we shall find that it rested upon circumstances widely different from our own. The old Teutonic law, that men should be tried by their equals, had its origin in a state of society marked by strong social distinctions, producing violent class antagonisms and class prejudices. The Anglo-Saxons, who carried the practice with them to England, found in it, after the Norman invasion, their almost sole protection against the rapacity and violence of their conquerors. To them it has, indeed, been a bulwark of justice and liberty, and they have maintained it in all their struggles as one of the principal, inalienable rights of the free citizen. Where conquerors, strangers, tyrants—where hereditary monarchs or a titled aristocracy appoint and influence and control the judges, there the jury is the people's safeguard against the injustice of their rulers. It is in this light that Englishmen may reverence the jury system, and Frenchmen fight for it, and modern Germans sigh for it. But we, the American people, who make and unmake our own judges, who stand in no fear of aristocrats, tyrants, or conquerors, on what grounds do we pretend to reverence this costly and delusive farce?

ATROX HORA CANICULÆ.

IT is recorded in ancient chronicles of a certain farmer who lived a great many years ago, longer ago probably than the oldest inhabitant can remember, and even before the new Court House was begun, that he became dissatisfied with the way in which the then Clerk of the Weather discharged his clerical functions and thought he would have very much finer crops if he could only control the elements himself. So, being of that agreeable persuasion which nowadays the Reverend Mr. Beecher so charmingly inculcates, that heaven had created him for its own especial delectation and the rest of the world for his benefit, he made no bones of preferring his modest request to Jove, who in those days ruled the world, and who nodded a wicked but jovial assent. So for a specified time he was to wreak his own sweet will, within the boundary of his acres, on the rain and the sunshine; the winds were to blow as he listed; snow, sleet, or hail were to come or to cease at his bidding. As may be imagined, our farmer was not slow to use his new-gained power; and while his neighbors were bemoaning the excessive rains his farm was basking in the nicest possible sunshine; or, if they had reason to lament the drouth, he was irrigating his acres with all the showers he wanted. Of course, under these circumstances he had a right to expect such a crop as had never before been seen; but, unaccountably, the result was exactly the reverse. The husbandmen who had envied his fortune were blessed with plentiful harvests, while his were as complete a failure as Mr. Grau's pinchbeck Opera Bouffe. So, made wise by adversity, he sadly concluded that perhaps Heaven after all knew best what was good, and prudently resigned his pernicious authority.

It really seems as though we were going through much the same experience as this luckless agriculturist. Scarcely a month ago we were declaiming against the unseasonable wet and cold, and with multitudinous shiverings were clamoring for a summer too long delayed. And now that our unwise prayers have been heard,

"Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis,"

and a thermometer ranging from 100° upward in the shade has properly punished our presumption, we would fain go back to all the discomforts we then deprecated and denounced. One may guard against extreme cold; it is a question, after all, which the tailor and the haberdasher will readily solve. But in such heat as this, when even the airy and easy costume which our earliest ancestors adopted in Paradise seems as oppressive as the reconstruction acts to an original secessionist or labor to a freedman, what is unhappy mortality to do? If one could only adopt and improve on Sidney Smith's ingenious device of casting off the garment of this too too solid flesh and sitting in one's bones with the marrow scooped out and replaced with ice-water, one might hope for relief. But the all-wise gods are not so to be propitiated, and we must apparently make up our minds to swelter through as much of the summer as we shall survive, in weather hot enough to make Claudio's picture of death

as a residence "In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" seem the very essence of delicious absurdity, or to leave us all Universalists in our notions of hereafter.

With this appalling prospect it becomes a rather momentous question to know what shall be done to keep cool? It is easy enough to say keep cool, if any utterance can be called easy when even to wink is an exertion equivalent to a violent perspiration; but how? Can one

"ho'd a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;"

more especially with a score of torrid and volcanic caucusses in our midst to make the imagination doubly difficult. Shall we call upon Mr. Bergh to restrain the thermometer from going any higher, on the ground of cruelty to animals? Or shall we banish thermometers altogether from the community and make it a penal offence to mention the number of degrees in the shade, or even so much as to allude to their existence? Might it not be well, too, to hang, by way of example, a few of the impious wretches on whom the mantle of Merriam has fallen, and who take a malignant delight in prophesying from time to time the most horrible heated terms. Or shall we shake from indignant feet the dust of the broiling city and fly to some far-off wilderness of shade, to some paradise of greenery and country air, to some

"Streamlet sprung from ice-cold fountains
Nursed within the lap of mountains,"

like that which Flamininus sings? If modern progress had already utilized the balloon as a means of conveyance, or if one could nowadays emulate the craft of Dædalus without dreading the fate of Icarus, the proposition would be sensible. But before the prospect of those dusty and clattering leagues of rail, or the crammed and stifling purgatory of such floating sarcophagi as our North River palaces are apt to be, what fortitude does not quail? Perhaps, too, there is some dim remembrance of a time when these discomforts braved had failed to find the rural Eden they were supposed to pay for. Perhaps there is dust in the country too, and thermometers, and vanity and vexation of spirit. Who knows? Better than this would it be to persevere in peace under the shadow of one's own vine and fig-tree, and ponder in sadness, only to be lightened by much liquid consolation, the rigorous decree of heaven which condemned the seed of Adam to live by the sweat of their brows.

Doubtless we cannot do better than just this. If one must be warm and uncomfortable, the wisest thing is to be warm and uncomfortable at home, where one has at least the alleviation of an unresisting clientele on whom to vent one's irritation. Besides, the Schützenfest and the Convention are over, and the city is gradually relapsing into its usual placidity and stillness; there is an agreeable tradition that a breeze sometimes blows from the bay at night, and then there is Central Park, which lacks only coolness and shade to be a most delightful refuge from the glare and heat of the crowded ways. Then, too, if Mahomet declines to go to the mountain, the mountain is less stubborn, and our country cousins are beginning to fill our streets with most refreshing affluence of verdancy, the organ-grinders are being gradually silenced by a merciful Providence through the medium of *coup de soleil*, the canker-worms have changed, for the most part, into moths or sparrows, and the restaurateur's ices are almost as cool as his prices. All these alleviations not to be sneezed at, and when to these we add the consoling reflection that it is already so hot as to make it impossible that it should be any hotter without anticipating the Millerites and the day of judgement, it will be seen that there is a very potent reason why we should keep warm at home.

TRAIN AGAIN.

THE delightful intelligence has lately been received in this country that that prince of merry-andrews, Mr. George Francis Train, is locked up in London under circumstances that give some promise of his continued incarceration. Indeed, the captive himself announces to the New York journals with which he is in correspondence that there is not the faintest chance of his release, and that he expects to remain for an indefinite time in the clutches of the law. We really trust that this charming prospect may not be dashed with gloom by the intermeddling of friends or by any misplaced leniency on the part of the authorities. As regards the first source of danger, it is, perhaps, less formidable than the last. If Train's friends have not by this time had enough of him they must be people of unbounded stomach indeed, and we have little doubt but that they are overflowing with secret

glee at the promise of even temporary relief from his fantastic society. There is little to apprehend in the disposition of his friends, then, or in the *entente cordiale* toward America of the masses of the English people, who, but for a certain deception that has artfully been practised upon them, would be our firm allies in this matter. But we dread the sinister and anti-American feeling of the authorities. We tremble less they anticipate the profound sigh of satisfaction which will be wafted from this side of the Atlantic in response to the blissful intelligence of Train's auspicious imprisonment. We shudder at the conviction that they well know how to estimate the horror and despair with which we should now receive tidings that Train was again at large. Is it to be expected that superlatively enlightened British jurists will consider the feelings or the comfort of detestable Yankees, or that by keeping Train a captive, and so relieving our society of this most grotesque and indefatigable nuisance, they will justify the continuance of the pæans of gladness that are now rolling up and down our delighted land? Assuredly not. They know their duty better. Train is a kind of commodity that all their prejudices and traditions will incline them to get out of England rather than keep in it. Therefore they will not think of depriving Omaha of this invaluable treasure; and therefore our present hopeful laughter will soon, we fear, be changed into despairing tears.

There is only one hope for us, and that is in the force of British public opinion. Englishmen are just now more anxious than ever to be friends with the United States. There are all sorts of impending contingencies which make our friendship desirable, our enmity a thing to avoid. But it is plain that, with his usual reticent astuteness, Train has produced of late a false impression on the English public mind. He has instilled a belief that his countrymen, the Americans, are remarkably fond of his seductive company, and that they will regard the deprivation of it as an unfriendly act. This is the flagrant deception to which we have already alluded and whose mischievous consequences ought, before it is too late, to be forestalled and obviated. The English public should be made to realize in season the cruel prescience of their judges, so that the stress of popular disapproval may be brought to bear before those judges are enabled to put their fell design into execution. Do not, oh! do not let them, brother Englishmen, we implore you do not let them release, to wreak his vengeance upon us, the captive Train! We assure you most solemnly and by everything sacred that we don't want him! For mercy's sake, then, keep him! and any favor or concession that we can make in return we pledge ourselves shall not be asked in vain. Put him away somewhere—in the Tower, or on the top of Arthur's seat, or on the staff of one of your comic papers, or in Bedlam, or Hanway, or anywhere; but we beseech you now you *have* got him don't let him out again. He means to set fire to Windsor Castle, to Balmoral, and Osborne House—we assure you he does. He is in secret league with the O'Donoghue to declare himself King of Ireland. He is absolutely and irrevocably determined on the destruction of the British Empire. He has already laid down secret mines running under and connecting the Bank, St. Paul's, the Horse Guards, the Houses of Parliament, and the barracks at Knightsbridge—intending on his enlargement to blow you all to the moon! Therefore be wise in time, O Britishers! and for the sake of self-preservation, as well as for that of the blood that is thicker than water, hold fast to the captive Train. And if—not to push our demands on your kindness too far—if you could do something in the way of a pitch-plaster and a pair of darbies, so that the prisoner's tongue and pen might have for a season a little of that rest whereof they and we stand so much in need—believe us when we promise you in return the everlasting gratitude of an overwhelming majority of the Great American People.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.*

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, June 23, 1868.

ON Monday the festival proper began with the *Messiah*. I can only say that the whole performance was finer than any I ever before listened to, and, indeed, that it must have satisfied the most ideal requirements. The twenty-one thousand persons present were as tranquil and as attentive as if in a church; when all stood up during the *Hallelujah* it would be

hard not to believe that all present united in prayer as well as praise. The sounds and the scene were indeed overpowering, and many persons approached the condition of the little boy who was found one Sunday sitting on the stairs of an organ-gallery with the great tears coursing down his cheeks and sobbing out, "I didn't—mean to—be naughty—but the music—was so very strong!"

The *Messiah* is nothing without a fine tenor, and a really fine tenor we have never heard in New York in sacred music since Braham in his old age made us one short visit. Listening to Sims Reeves one could well understand the hold he has on the affections of the English people, and their patience notwithstanding the many disappointments he inflicts on them. His voice is perfect, soft and beautiful in tone, yet capable of the utmost fire and brilliancy. It is as if emotion were so important to us that when, from what we call advancing civilization, we succeed in banishing it from our manners and almost from our very lives, art steps in and vicariously performs for us that passion which we have lost the power of displaying ourselves, and which needs to be awakened within us lest we utterly stagnate. At the risk of getting into rather deep water, I am tempted to consider a little how it is that the tenor, more than any other voice, has the power of suddenly awaking emotion. Its natural expression seems to be outcry—*craint*, as the French say—ever desiring, reaching toward something unattainable. In old times, in the operas of Cimarosa and Rossini, tenors were always rushing to the field to die at the head of a handful of men, borne down by overwhelming numbers; *Suivez moi* in *William Tell* was the culmination of such appeals. Then the outcry became more terrible, and expressed dying, despairing love, as in Edgardo's suicide. We have at length, in Manrico, reached the point of expression which is supposed to denote not only despairing love, but the sensation of being burnt alive, and we do not well see that we can go much further; but so far, at least, the tenor has been equal to the demands of the imagination.

This power, like all other power, is bought at a price; the task of interpreting to us our emotions is more exhausting than that of explaining to us our thoughts, and requires an organization the most sensitive, a training the most patient, and then an effort which one moment's miscalculation, which a few seconds' prolongation, may cause to result in rendering that training for ever useless, that organization a misery to its possessor for the rest of his life.

In these days of the glorifying of machinery we are apt to forget that the one great and ineffaceable distinction between the human machine and those which man makes to his use is, that the latter does not, and the former always does, rise to an emergency. More than that, when the machine is tried to its utmost, when the need of it is sorest, then, be it blade or tube or spring or weapon, then it fails—breaks, bends, collapses, shivers away; but with man—the human machine—it is at his utmost need that the forces and capacities of his nature rally to his aid; it is in the agony of a crisis that heroism awakes within him and prompts him to those efforts which, whether the field on which they are displayed be greater or smaller, always partake of the character of the sublime. This ground of the heroic, then, art has always chosen for her own, and it is in an art not, it must be confessed, of the noblest that the human voice can for a moment embody the very essence of heroic effort, and so thrill us with an awakening dread whose source we do not fathom, but which lies deep down in our utmost possibilities of doing and suffering.

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

IV.

FAITH.

Thy faith hath saved thee.—JESUS.

THE plan of salvation revealed in the Bible differs from all other schemes for the melioration of the evils incident to humanity in that it is *supernatural*. It does not profess to find salvation for man in man himself. On the contrary, it declares all such efforts useless and directly subversive in their nature of the only true scheme. It declares that what is needed is not *primarily* a raising up of what is good in man, but a laying hold on what will help him from above. It requires faith; a yielding up of one's self for salvation to Him who is able and willing to save unto the uttermost all who look to Him for salvation. This is the first requisite, an essential requisite, a *sine quâ non*. It must be so. We are moral creatures. The salvation we need is a moral salva-

tion, a salvation chiefly from moral evil unto moral good. The physical good or evil are only incident and consequent. Now, no moral change can be wrought in moral creatures contrary to their will. Freedom is an essential element in such creatures. To subvert their moral freedom would be to change them into beings of another order. Unbelief of the existence or of the availability of this divine, supernatural salvation, of course, renders it impossible. The salvation of moral creatures can take place only where there is faith in the Saviour. And if this religion be true, if the proffer be made in good faith, that "whosoever will" be thus saved may be, then, of course, whoever does, *will*; whoever does trust in the efficacy of this supernatural plan, whoever does yield himself up to God, according to his knowledge of Him, to be saved by Him in His way, every such one will be saved. Faith alone secures salvation. Faith is belief of a promise. It includes, of course, some degree of knowledge of what is promised. What is the minimum of knowledge necessary to faith, and to consequent salvation, we may not be able to determine. Whether the heathen are any of them saved or not is a subject foreign to this discussion. They have some knowledge, some degree of that which is knowable of God is manifest *within them*, for God hath revealed it unto them; so that they are inexcusable when they sin against this light within. Moreover in every country he that reverenceth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him. Whoever lives up to the light he has shall have light enough to lead him to everlasting happiness. Whoever does not, can expect only misery. But the question respecting the minimum of the knowledge of the Bible salvation necessary for those who have the Bible, is of more present importance.

It would seem that all the knowledge the first sinners had was that contained in the dim oracle respecting the seed of the woman. Faith in God's promise to save man through the agency of this promised seed would seem to be all that was required at this time. He who thus rested on the promise of God to save him in some effective though indefinite way, through the woman's seed, was saved.

Afterward, when, through sin, the knowledge of God's nature had been nearly lost in the world, He revealed Himself, first, as almighty; then as the self-existent Jehovah, the covenant God, educating the race, through the instrumentality of the Jews, up to the better knowledge of Himself. During this period it would seem that faith in Him, *as thus revealed*, was requisite, at least to those who had the revelation. To doubt or deny the truth of this revelation and trust in some "unknown god," would be to trust in a mere creature of the imagination, an "idol" proper, which is, indeed, "nothing in the world." Such trust, of course, could avail nothing. Yet those, whether outside the circle of Judaism or even within its outer limits, who, feeling after God in their darkness, and having some faint idea of His nature, trusted Him so far as they knew Him, were saved. "If thou seek Him," said David, "He will be found of thee." "The God of Israel, the Saviour" is His name who says, by Isaiah, "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain!"

THE GOLDEN LEGEND OF POOR HENRY.

I.

LONGFELLOW has not often been successful in overcoming the artist's greatest difficulty, *i.e.*, to find the proper form for his subject. Perhaps *Hiwatha* is the only one of his larger works in which a story is told in precisely the manner suited for it. The story of *Evangeline*, admirably adapted as it is in its first stages for calm epic narration, becomes far too restless and shifting at the close for its form. With a different ending, *Evangeline* might have been made a perfect poem of its kind. Nevertheless, in *Evangeline* Longfellow has only spoiled his work in part; but *The Golden Legend* has been spoiled by him from beginning to end in that he has given a dramatic form to a subject altogether epic. This exquisite legend, which, if dressed in the simplicity of form chosen for *Evangeline*, would under the skilful hand of Longfellow have doubtless become his best and truly golden poem, appears in that dramatic dress as the story of Hamlet might be supposed to appear if worked out in hexameters. Happily another language—the one which gave birth to it—has a work wherein *The Golden Legend* is told in a golden form.

Hartmann, a knight and follower of the lords of Aue, and one of the foremost poets of the thirteenth century, has told this story, of which he was likewise the inventor, in the happiest manner. All embellishments and mythical motives are as carefully removed from

* This is a portion of a letter which should have been printed in our last issue, but which, through an accident in posting, failed to reach us in time, so to appear.—ED. ROUND TABLE.

this quiet legend as the same poet profusely employed them in those greater works of Round Table legends which have made his name famous. This classical simplicity gives a charm to the story of Poor Henry which no other poem of that period can boast of, and will entitle it to rank next to Eschenbach's *Parzival* and Gottfried's *Tristan and Isolde*. It is interesting enough to compare even the outlines of this poem of not more than fifteen hundred and twenty-two lines with the long and complicated drama into which Longfellow has elaborated it.

Hartmann, thus the poem begins, a knight and servant of Aue, was well learned and able to read such old legends as he found written. It happened upon a certain time that he hunted through many books to find something which might cheer in hours of distress, and at the same time contribute to the honor of God and make himself beloved by his readers. Hence he now begins to tell a story which he found written; and he has mentioned his name in order that his work may not be without reward for him, and that those who hear it told or read after his death may pray for his soul to God. And this is the legend:

In Suabia there lived at one time a knight, virtuous and upright, far-famed for his goodness over the country.

* He was of Aue born;
His heart had quite forsown
Falsity and wicked mood,
And held this oath, through bad and good,
Till his death e'er steady:
To do good always ready
Stood his honor and life even.
A ready knack to him was given
For worldly honors and noblesse;
These he knew well how to increase
With all kinds of virtues fair;
He was of youth a flower rare;
Of worldly joy a mirror light,
Of steady faith a diamond bright,
A whole crown of courteous bearing,
To all in need a help appearing;
A shield to his friends ever;
A scale of mildness, never
Over or underweighing.
Labor, so ran his saying,
Is honoring burden for the wise.
He was a bridge of sound advice.
He sang, moreover, well of love,
And thus enabled was to move
By skill the world's applause and praise.
He was comely and wise always."

But upon this good knight fell a sore affliction. GOD visited him with the dreadful disease of leprosy, so that the world became a curse, life a burden, and his friends all turned their backs upon him. Nor did he bear up under his affliction like Job of old.

"He rather joyless and sad became.
His soaring heart drooped wounded now;
His swimming joy sank drowned now;
His proud airs vanished all;
His honey turned to gall.
A fearful gloomy thunderstroke
His bright and cheerful noonday broke.
A threatening thick cloud did advance
And settle on his sunny glance.
Sorely then he did grieve
That he, ungathered, must leave
So many honors beaming.
Often he cursed, thus dreaming,
The luckless day and hour forlorn
When he into the world was born."

From this settled gloom he recovered somewhat on being told that his disease was not incurable. He accordingly visited the doctors of Montpellier; but they could give him no hope. He then set out for Salerno—the oldest and most celebrated of European medical schools—where he consulted the skillfullest master, who told him the strange story that, although he were curable, yet would he never be cured. Called upon by Poor Henry to solve this riddle, the wise master replied that he could be cured only by an impossible remedy, namely, the blood of a pure virgin ready to die for him.

This notion that impure disease and utterly disorganized vitality can be cured by fresh, young blood of a pure person, hence either of a pure virgin or an unborn babe, is met throughout all the literature of the middle ages, and to some extent has given shape to the legend of the Saint Graal. It is not confined, however, to any age or people, but is to be found in all literatures and traditions. Then did Poor Henry indeed recognize how it were possible that he be cured and yet must he remain afflicted. Utterly disconsolate and weary of life, he returned home; and now he began to divide his possessions and goods among the poor and distressed, giving the rest to churches, and retaining for his own use only a small farm, upon which he retired far from all the noise of the world, living there with the renter of that farm, his wife and daughter, a worthy family which he had thus singled out to pass the rest of his wretched life with. That daughter

"Was a child twelve years of age,
Of winning manners, bright and sage,
Most courteously endearing.
No toil or trouble fearing,
She never left her master's face.
To gain his greeting and his grace
She served him all the day,
In her sweet lovely way.
With charms, indeed, she was so blessed
That anywhere she might have passed—
So gentle she and good—
Child of the noblest blood.
While others always sought to leave,
And from his bed to get reprieve
When courtesy permitted,
She at all times flitted
Around his bed, and elsewhere never.
She was his pastime ever.
She had her whole child heart and mind,
By pure affection sole inclined,
Around her loved master wound;
So that at all times she was found
Under his feet seated.
Thus the sweet one waited
On her master, ever near.
He, again, held her so dear,
That every little pleasure—
Such as girls do treasure
Greatly at their childish play—
He sought to grant her every day.
Much helped it him that, in the main,
Children easy are to gain.
He bought her all that could be bought;
Looking-glass and bands gold wrought,
And what young children hold so dear,
Rings and girdles and colored gear.
Thus he achieved success so great,
Made her so trustful and intimate,
That he called her his own dear wife.
The little maid so loved his life
She left him rarely or never;
To her he was pure ever.
And although strong his presents moved
Her childish feelings, still she loved
With love far deeper and holier—
A sweet love, God's own gift to her."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JUNIUS AND SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: There is nothing in the last epistle of your Fort Fairfield correspondent, either in matter or manner, that entitles it to my attention or respect—the matter being mere chaff and stubble, in a figurative sense, and the manner that of a man whose calling has made him familiar with chaff and stubble in a sense that is not figurative. But *n'importe*.

He reiterates the cry that I have "charged" him with misquoting Junius. Well, hasn't he? Didn't he put into the mouth of that elegant and fastidious writer such nonsense as this: "I am sure I *would* not survive a discovery three days," etc., etc?

This is a question of *fact*, not of opinion. Is Woodfall's edition of the great controversialist so rare a book in the happy country surrounding Fort Fairfield that "G. W. E." cannot test the truthfulness of the "charge"?

"G. W. E." himself, however, still clings to the error, as is evidenced in his article now under consideration, thereby vitiating the concession or quasi-apology which he offered some time ago, in averring that he copied the above quotation from "some magazine."

"G. W. E." boasts of his accuracy in making quotations, giving, as he says, not only the exact words, but their *spirit*. So far as I am concerned, his performances do not correspond with his pretensions. If he will only copy my words correctly he need not trouble himself about their *spirit*; that will take care of itself.

But he asks me, in the honest candor of a Dogberry, as well as in the true spirit of a profound grammarian, to "parse" the expression "natural fool." My words and punctuation were—the phenomena of the spiritualists could be accounted for "on natural (fool) principles."

I see no difficulty in the way of parsing the phrase, as it stands above; but any "Yankee school ma'am" ought to be able to inform him that, as it appears in his communication, it cannot be parsed at all, until a verb shall have been supplied and—to make a full, round sentence—a noun and an article prefixed; and were I to do that I fear our worthy *chef* would place his editorial *veto* upon it, as *personal* to some of his "down-east" contributors. However, considering what has already been said of the prevalence of a certain *ism*, I think I may venture to pronounce it, as a compound word and confining its application to certain localities that I wot of, a very "common noun," but susceptible of serving, in cases of emergency, as a *double-barrelled* adjective.

Finally, "G. W. E." accuses me of "diplomatically" telling the spiritualists (*horresco referens*!) that "they lie like the devil!"

Well, as he has made the assertion I shall let it stand, after granting the usual percentage of exceptional cases; though if I had had the emphasizing to do, I should probably have sub-drawn two lines instead of one—toning up the *italics* into "small caps."

As to my "argument" about spiritualism, I promised none; I only desired to *dissent* from the "general tenor of the discourse" on that topic, which had come under my observation; that, and nothing more. I have already said that I do not believe in it, and I will take this occasion to

say further that I do not believe a spirit can "scratch" or "knock" or "move a table" or "toss a bootjack out of a window" or "write with a pen;" for a spirit has neither the flesh nor the blood, the bone nor the sinew, with which to perform those interesting little feats. I do not believe a spirit can know what is going on in my mind or what is laid up in my memory, for I know that would require the faculties of a GOD. I do not believe—I do not—that a spirit knows *anything*; for knowledge is a brain-product, and a spirit, simple reader, has no brain! A spirit, therefore, look you! has and is—*nothing*; and we all know that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. In one word, I do not believe that a disembodied spirit ever existed or ever can exist, for the simple reason that such an existence is totally inconceivable and an utter impossibility; in fine, an *immaterial being* is a contradiction in terms.*

As to the marvellous tales related by pretended "mejums," when they are not pure invention, pure mendacity, I place them in the same category with the ravings and morbid dreams of the opium-eater, who can see and hear more things betwixt heaven and earth in the space of half an hour than could be narrated in a week.

Then we have the spiritual jugglers who itinerate the country with a batch of trained spirits at their back, exhibiting their skill, for a *consideration*, in "spiritualistic" prestigation; but who, very prudently and at the special request of their invisible *protégés*—they being constitutionally bashful—allow their miracles to be performed in the *dark*!

O, rem ridiculam, Cato, et jocosam!

It is a perpetual source of amazement to me that a single human being out of the nursery or the madhouse could be imposed upon by so gross and yet so transparent a species of tomfoolery. But I confess I have no patience with the subject. It is disparaging to the intelligence of the nineteenth century to have occasion even to oppose so preposterous, so monstrous, a delusion. It is like assigning reasons for not believing the moon to have been made of green cheese and bowled down to its present location by some of the madcap swains in the far-off rural districts of the *Milky-Way*. I remain, etc., etc., J. CRAGIN.

MOBILE, Ala., July 3, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.

A RECENT critic in *The Saturday Review* remarks that so many current works of fiction are crude, inconsequent, and incomplete that it seems as if the writers thereof had jumbled together a variety of loose material from their note-books, like the random sketches of an artist—here a finished head, there a bit of landscape, now a caricature, and again a dramatic scene—some good in themselves, others pretentious and vague and altogether without artistic harmony or logical sequence. True as this criticism may be as applied to some popular novelists of the day, it cannot be said of T. Adolphus Trollope, who patiently collects and philosophically arranges his material and is content to do so without seeking any startling effects or recondite significance. Indeed, the chief obstacle with which such a writer has to contend is the prevalent appetite—we cannot call it taste—for the sensational; he ignores the intense school, he describes what he sees, knows, and feels; and does so in a very direct, simple, candid, and therefore sympathetic, way. If the reader knows or cares anything about the region or race thus delineated he will find a refreshing calm and grateful flavor of truth and sympathy in these unpretending but significant stories. The last he has published is entitled *The Dream Numbers*. This title suggests the purely local theme of the story. No one who has sojourned with a Tuscan family of the middle class can have failed to have noted the singular mixture of childish credulity and political degradation involved in the Italian lottery system. It has long been a resource of the government sanctioned by pope and duke as a means of replenishing the state treasury. The people thus gamble with the smallest sums and consult a dream-book wherein whatever combination of objects or incidents have haunted their slumbers is recognized as a guide to lucky numbers; how eagerly they will exclaim over the prophetic coincidence of certain numerals with a ship, a carriage, a wedding, or an accident, and how confidently thereby select their *terno* and purchase their ticket! So much that is characteristic is manifested in the current talk and the popular faith and traditions in regard to the lottery, that it and the phenomena attending it form an authentic and suggestive

* St. Paul speaks of "spiritual bodies," "celestial bodies;" and the risen body of Christ was both *visible* and *tangible*.

† *The Dream Numbers: A Novel*. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

subject for a domestic story like this of *The Dream Numbers*. The author has made a philosophic as well as artistic use thereof. The scenes, too, are well chosen; the pleasant city of Lucca, the ruinous old town of Uzzano among the Apennines, a rural domain, half farm and half villa, on the banks of the Serchio, a lawyer's house and studio with the cottage of a provincial wheelwright's widow, the den of an usurer in Florence—chestnut woods, church piazza, a police office, a priest's domicile, a mountain path, and a saintly festa—all give scope to minute details of still-life and natural scenery. The characters are adapted to and spring naturally from the scenes: there is the proud and beautiful *contadino*, queen of her class, Regina Baritoli; her vigorous, frank, and handsome lover, Carlo Carioli—an excellent and truly delineated exemplar of the better educated and nobly affectionate Tuscan youth, unspoiled by city life—manly, true, and vivacious; the shrewd, complacent, and portly father of the heroine, prosperous and hale, keen but kindly; the cunning, unscrupulous *curato*, Pasquale; his garrulous, self-seeking housekeeper; the pleasant, buxom little widow Mondali, with her magnetic, bovine eyes; the pertinacious, mercenary Meo Morini and his worldly-wise father, with the deceitful and vindictive Simonetti, make up a group native to the soil and the period, representative of the country and the race, exhibiting the good and bad, the winsome and revolting, elements of character more or less familiar to all who know the place and people. Tuscan rusticity, avarice, prejudice, urbanity, frugality, superstition, profanity; Tuscan farming, jurisprudence, *naïveté* and duplicity; the scenery and the soul of the region in their normal and characteristic phases—all come out on the page of the faithful chronicler in distinct outlines and hues, caught from nature with a patient hand and a true and kindly eye. Colloquial expressions continually give reality to the dialogue, so that one who has often listened to and loved that "soft, bastard Latin," seems to overhear the "*pazienza!*" "*anzi!*" "*per Bacco!*" "*Dio bene!*" "*figliuola mia!*" "*gentilissima!*" "*altro!*" "*che!*" "*scudi!*" "*leva l'incomodo!*" "*anima, mia!*" and all the other familiar and perhaps endeared household utterances.

For be it remembered and recorded that in this, as in his other sweet and true pictures of Italian life, it is a domestic chronicle he weaves; there are no complex characters—none of the subtlety of analysis and portraiture appropriate to a higher or more varied culture or stage of civilization; it is with the people he deals, with their simple tastes, their harmless gossip, their poor superstitions, their limited knowledge, their local traditions and habitudes. Incident is, of course, essential, and incident of a dramatic or picturesque kind, and this he finds in such authentic events as a trick of priestcraft which came to light in the records of the local tribunals; in a memorable and destructive inundation of the Serchio, and the course of a true love which did not run smooth until it had encountered and overcome numerous obstacles—doubts, fears, meetings, and separations—the story whereof takes the reader pleasantly from the cathedral of Lucca to the mountain path from Pescia, from a funeral to a court-room, from the jeweller's bridge at Florence to the trim little *bagarino* with its smart pony and scarlet worsted reins, from a supper of macaroni and Chianti wine to a cemetery, and from a *gay passeggiata* to a tearful vigil—all minutely true to local life and character, and narrated with a tact, wisdom, ethical justice, and human sympathy alike pleasing and rare.

A sense of the appropriate is most desirable for writers of fiction; that class of books is now so divided into species that it requires as discriminating an artist as any form of authorcraft to reach a legitimate result. The historical, the domestic, the æsthetic, the classical, and the fashionable novel each demand a special tone, method, and scope. In his illustrations of Italian, like his brother's of English, ecclesiastical life, Adolphus Trollope aims principally at the facts of the hour, depends upon careful observation, seeks to interest through fidelity rather than invention; accordingly, most of his stories are woven from familiar material; he alludes to, rather than elaborates, historical events which are made the subjects of more grave literary work; while in the family annals he loves to record such details as the manner in which the drop of oil is jerked from the neck of the wine flask, and that in which beds are warmed by the little *scaldini* of ignited charcoal hung in a small round frame beneath the sheets; the kind of ear-rings and headgear of the peasant; the viands, vehicles, voices, vows, salutations, and costumes of different classes and districts are noted with accuracy amid the descriptive local sketches and the personal adventures and phases of character.

This method adds a new variety to the novel of Italian life; its foreign element has been depicted in sensational romances by Lover, its historical tableaux and bygone social phenomena drawn with picturesque eloquence by Manzoni, D'Azeglio, Guerrazzi, and Rossini; *Dr. Antonio* fairly initiated the modern story, and *Romola* is one of the best of the historical written by an English author; while Adolphus Trollope, like the author of the *Initials* in Germany, and Souvestre in France, has aptly essayed, in the sphere of actual national life, at the period immediately antecedent to the new régime in Italy, when local traits were still unmodified, local interests still paramount, and life more isolated and primitive than it can be when the railway, the journal, and civic fusion do away with so much that is characteristic and *naïve*. The process of the *raconteur* of adequate knowledge and skill in this reproduction of actual life and rekindling of local association transcends that of the poet, unless the latter sings with rare melody or creative genius; thus, Trollope's story of *Gemma* is a more satisfactory picture of Siena than Swinburne's poem of the latter name, despite its fine passages of verse; and how much more labored and inadequate as local pictures, though so powerful as a poem, comparatively, are George Eliot's rhythmic descriptions in *The Spanish Gypsy* than the memorable prose delineation of her Florentine prose romance of the middle ages.

To the untravelled American the name of Lucca is probably associated only with those long, transparent bottles of topaz-tinted oil wherewith his salad is so refreshingly mingled or, perchance, with the huge chestnuts roasted by some poor Italian at a street corner; even to the tourist, who, like most of his countrymen, is no lingerer on his European tour, except in the great capitals, it is more than likely that the mention of Lucca recalls only the *Bagno*—that favorite summer resort of the district; but whoever has had the good fortune to visit the city and its environs in fine weather, late in the spring, will cherish a delightful remembrance of the rich green meadows and plumed chestnut woods seen from the promenade round the walls, with the rich fields of blue flax blossoms, lupines and maize, with adjacent olive-orchards and surrounding mountains, wherein the most exquisite tints glow and fade in the shifting lights and shadows of the radiant and prolonged sunset. An impression of rural prosperity, rare in Italy, is confirmed there by the frequent sight of vigorous and handsome peasants arrayed on a festa with bright bodice, silver knobs, gold ear-rings, velvet jacket, and finely-woven straw hats; so that the ancient distinction, which gave Lucca the title of *Industrious*, seems quite as appropriate now. Although there are several interesting and some quite valuable pictures in the palaces, architectural charms in the cathedral, and brave memories of the Republic and Castruccio, of Napoleon's sister, who benignly ruled, and Leopold's gentle sway, with Roman traditions and Etruscan relics for the antiquarian who has patience to seek them, art and antiquity are there comparatively so unimpressive that, to the eye of the stranger, it is the fat kine, luxuriant pasture, the prolific olive-trees, and lucrate chestnut woods—the scenery and fertility of Lucca—that prove absorbing at the time and in the retrospect. With such charming associations one can scarcely fail to feel a curiosity and an interest about the people as well as the place—the life as well as the land—especially as so many signs of thrift and urbanity appear. From this garden of Tuscany, as it has been called, radiate level thoroughfares, white with dust or ribbed with iron rails that lead to the foot of the mountains, to Pescia and Pisa, and thence seaward to Leghorn or inland to Florence; and, while in the former the nautical and cosmopolitan elements of population prevail, and the latter displays all the social traits of metropolitan life, agriculture finds a central and flourishing scope around Lucca; and, to the keen observer, local traits of manners, language, character, and vocation distinguish this section of the little state, and these are aptly embodied and *naïvely* illustrated in Mr. Trollope's *Dream Numbers*.

MADemoiselle MERQUEM.*

IT would be difficult to find a name which, for extensive and enduring popularity, in the world of fiction can come in competition with that of Madame George Sand. There are certainly others whose works have been read with more pleasure in limited circles, whose views are more in accordance with the

undeveloped intelligence of general readers; but none who is more eminently gifted with the vigor of imagination so essential to a novelist, the brilliant inventive talent, the robust strength which belongs to truth, the wide-spread moral sympathy, and the power of deep and original thought, so highly rated by those who are capable of appreciating them. Her characters are drawn with a boldness which many writers would consider hazardous, but the truth of her portraiture justifies the rashness; deeply skilled in the mazes of the human heart, gifted with exquisite sensibility, great energy of will, and remarkable power of observation, she has the additional advantage of a most varied and extensive experience; and although in her writings, taken altogether, such contradictions may be found as render them sometimes unintelligible to the vulgar, they contain elements which appeal insensibly to the mind and heart of the intellectual and polished reader.

The present story does not call for that remarkable exhibition of power which characterizes some of the former writings of this gifted author; but the narrative is so well proportioned—sometimes curiously elaborated—but always so clear, and the illustrations and incidents, though seemingly strange, are yet so appropriate that the general harmony of the picture is never endangered.

The character of Célie is quite original, very difficult to portray, and, until the close of the story, equally difficult to sympathize with. It is a dangerous experiment for a woman to found an exclusive court in her own heart for the regulation and guidance of her conduct, and only great skill and a profound knowledge of human nature enabled the author to make of one who assumes such vast responsibility an enlightened and noble being, wielding a beneficent influence over others and furnishing to them an efficient aid and a worthy example. We at once recognize the genius of the writer who can create an entirely new character, but that of Célie does not quite monopolize the interest of the story; there are others not less striking, some entirely novel, and of the conventional type, like the charming and wayward Ernestine, who comes first in order, and precedes our introduction to the heroine, and of whom Armand (the hero) writes:

"My cousin Ernestine was as pretty a girl as it is possible to see, very intelligent, very amiable, and very good, and yet with all this she was the despair of her mother and the torment of the house: she was a prey to ennui!"

"There is hardly any middle ground for young girls; they must be either very well educated, very studious, and very intellectual, or discover that they are very unhappy when their parents cannot or will not exhibit them perpetually. My aunt, who had only a moderate fortune, had done all that she could to keep her only daughter from sharing the intoxication of fashionable life. She had dreamed, like all reasonable mothers, of making her a very good and discreet little woman, very modest and very amiable; but, like all reasonable mothers, she had been conquered by the frivolity of the age; she had fancied that reason could speak to intoxication. She had forgotten that one who is intoxicated has no ears, that the least hum of the violin is sufficient to drown the most tender and the most sensible words of a mother. The age had come to seek its prey, and had seized it in this little, modest, and worthy household as easily as if it had met it in the public place. The demon had entered into the chamber of the young girl in the form of the dressmaker, the hair-dresser, the music-teacher; in the guise of a young friend just from boarding-school, in that of the *Journal des Modes*, or in that of the fashionable paper consecrated to the description of the *fêtes* of such and such a duchess or countess.

"A young girl cannot be brought up in a cage. She must live and see, she must hear and breathe. Where shall she be taken, then, in Paris, if not into the sunlight or among the trees? But it is precisely there that frivolous and fashionable Paris loves to show itself. It is there that in her airy equipage and in her most marvellous toilet the woman of questionable character is passing before the eyes of this child, who sees only her butterfly wings without a suspicion of her moral insensibility. It is there that men well-mounted and well-dressed lord it over all inferior; and that the standing of an honest man is as nothing beside that of a man well-booted and well-gloved.

"How enchanting it is! The young girl who sees these light cavaliers passing, dreams of seeing them some day prance before the door of her own carriage. She is in love with none of them, but they all please her. She has no presentiment of danger in the emotion they cause her. She is amused by them, she jests about them with some witty companion as agitated, as giddy as herself. Both are innocent, vain, and cold; as yet it is neither with the heart nor the senses that they are alive and tremulous; it is with vanity, with a thirst for being distinguished, an ambition to figure some day in this throng through which they now go gliding timidly and laughingly. Nothing is more chaste and more inoffensive than this dizziness of growing youth; nothing more deadly, if in the depths of the soul a powerful germ of dignity is not kept in readiness to overcome the thirst for success and the desire of pleasure.

"It was this germ of womanly pride that my aunt had not been able to develop in her daughter."

Célie Merquem is cast in a different mould. Left an orphan in her childhood, she was adopted by her grandfather, an admiral in the French navy, retired from active service, a man of peculiar opinions and great active benevolence, which showed itself in the paternal jurisdiction which he exercised over a small knot of sailors and fishermen inhabiting the village on the sea-shore adjoining his own estate. At his death Célie inherited his property, and likewise assumed his responsibilities. She is described as being, at the commencement of the story, still young and beautiful, very rich, very eccentric, and very independent; one whose individuality is not lost by a subserviency to

**Mademoiselle Merquem: A Novel.* By Mme. George Sand. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.

the conventionalities of society, but who, nevertheless, keeps strictly within the bounds of propriety; whose faults may, perhaps, arise from too great a degree of self-consciousness, but whose directness of purpose, simplicity, and truth are very charming, and who embodies the grace no less than the virtue of charity—qualities not always as closely united as they should be. Belonging to a class which has no grandeur to hope for and no destitution to fear; cultivating to the extent of her ability all the amenities of the domestic circle, and with a mind well trained and an unambitious and contented disposition, Célie evinces a worthy estimate of the pleasures and purposes of life, a just perception of the noble aims for which existence is given to us, and a simplicity of taste and moderation which is quite consistent with refinement and culture. Her position is an exceptional one, and one for which she compels recognition by the force of her own will and the worth of her own moral nature.

Admiral Merquem had been in the habit of giving an audience weekly to all the villagers, for the purpose of enabling them to redress any trifling wrongs of which they might have cause to complain, but more especially that he might aid them with his advice, contribute to their wants, and keep up a sort of paternal relation toward them; and this custom he adhered to until the last week of his life.

"This brave man had been adored in the village, and the idolatry of which Célie was the object was her acknowledged right of inheritance. She had faithfully conformed to the directions and the customs of her ancestor. Brought up by him upon the sea, since in all weathers and at all hours, so long as he was in health, he had been used to take her sailing with him in his boat, which was a model for strength and sailing qualities, she preserved her taste for this exercise and her need of it. Accustomed to the dangers of these excursions, she braved them without merit, as she said, when it was necessary to carry help either to the people of the place or to strangers cast upon the coast. In such matters she busied herself in a magisterial manner. Even as a child, the rudder and the command of a little boat had been entrusted to her. She knew the shore and every sunken reef as well as the oldest fisherman of La Canielle. Her little craft, manned by a chosen body of her voluntary clients, would do beside what no other in the place would dare to attempt. It was in the most serious way, then, that she had directed and taken a personal part in some wonderful rescues. To this capacity and to these material means was naturally joined also a prestige derived from the imagination of the good fishermen. Seamen are the most superstitious of all superstitious people; for, having gone on board one stormy day in a hat with black feathers, a lady of my acquaintance barely escaped being thrown into the sea by some enraged sailors on the coast of Italy. According to them, the black feathers had brought the storm. Célie's felt hat, which Mlle. de Malbois laughed at so pleasantly, was a sign of safety to the sailors of La Canielle, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre to his daring followers. If she had dared the waves without her hat all would have begged her to remain; but with or without it every one would have devoted himself to perish with her. She was worshipped, but not with that enlightened love which knows how to appreciate the devotion and estimate the value of the person loved; but with that faithful and always somewhat selfish attachment peculiar to rustics. Célie was as necessary to La Canielle as the sea to the fishers. She it was who took care that the poor should not be without resources, the strong without work, the infirm without nourishment, the old without aid, the orphan without a protector, and the young without some instruction."

Upon the more romantic portions of the story, the love—without which such a nature as that of Célie would be incomplete—we refrain from entering, lest it destroy for the reader the interest he is sure to take in the book. There is a remarkable simplicity about all the characters which is very attractive, and each one is complete and distinctly dissimilar; there are no useless persons to distract the attention, no confidants or intriguers; the villany is contemptible and quickly disposed of; no sophistry is employed to honor depravity or beautify deformity; and throughout the work there are original and profound reflections on human nature most happily expressed, and scenic descriptions which are especially felicitous. The translation merits high commendation.

LIBRARY TABLE.

SELF-MADE; or, Living for Those We Love. By Mrs. E. A. Welty. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868.—Blood, lady confidantes, and true originality will tell. True originality is irrepressible, blossoming into novelty on the barrenest soils. True originality has told this story. *Self-Made* consists of two great parts, and the greatness lies in the division of the parts. The first part may be called the "Self" part; it is the most suggestive and the most fascinating. As it is brief, we quote it entire. It is disguised as a dedication, and reads thus:

"To my Numerous Namesakes
This book is affectionately dedicated."

Now, what does this mean? There are only two things to do—to conjecture and to cogitate. Being logical, not imaginative, we cogitated. We gave it up long ago and went on with the second part, but we cogitate still.

"To—my—numerous—namesakes!" If, now, it had only been "My numerous namesake"—that sounds harder, but it is not—one might make out that. "My numerous namesake" might mean some nominal coincident with a talent for mathematics—one of those born ready-reckoners who lisped in problems, for the answers came. How do we know that the Lightning Calculator is not a Mrs. E. A. Welty in disguise? For "numerous namesake," indeed, there is

some little precedent. Individuals do appear in history endowed with "numerosity." Horace was one tolerably authentic case. Ovid says of him:

"Et tenuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures;"

and again we have his own testimony in the famous lines:

"Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,"

where the *nos* is evidently the editorial *we* of that day.

Here, however, we stopped. For the moment we thought we saw the puzzle. Could Mrs. Welty have been thinking of this line, and of the world as her namesake? To dedicate a book, especially in the strawberry season, to the *fruges consumere nati*, would be a bold and novel bid for the favor of a large and excellent class of our community. But "namesakes," the plural, upset all this fine Alnaschar's basket of theory. No use to say "if it had only been" so and so. It only had not been so and so. There it stood, "To my numerous namesakes;" and there it stands unto this day—an unread riddle. Being, as we said, logical by bent, we did get at something. This question of dedication is almost algebraic in exactness of form. Given Mrs. E. A. Welty, to find her numerous namesakes. The result, without going through the $q \sqrt{-1}$ part of the problem, is alternative. We can evolve two dreadful answers, but cannot decide between them:

(1.) That Mr. E. A. Welty is a prominent and fervent member of the Mormon persuasion, and "numerous" Mrs. E. A. Welty adorn his patriarchal home at Salt Lake.

(2.) That Mrs. E. A. Welty was a Miss E. A. Smith.

The second great part of this book, to distinguish it from the Self part, may be called the Made part. It is a very remarkable story, all of a very remarkable young man. This young man passes his no doubt eventful childhood at a period immediately anterior to the existence of this book, and enters Chapter I in his strange boyhood. By some singular circumstance he is born the only child of his mother, and she a widow. His extraordinary character is first developed by his running errands for the entire village in which he doesn't live—like all heroes he inhabits the suburbs—and not being paid enough to meet his ideas. Thence his progress is rapid. A children's party is given. *On danse.* The Remarkable Young Man doesn't go, because he is not asked. As he does not dance anyhow, but only eats, at parties, he is cut to the soul. He immediately makes the acquaintance of a young lady from Albany, a thoroughly nice young person, in words of five syllables, and who deeply appreciates the Remarkable. He borrows money, without collaterals, from a deacon of the nearest church (an unforeseen and telling master-touch), and starts from home for a brook about thirty-one miles off, whither a rich little boy is on his way to be almost drowned. The Remarkable Young Man times his arrival well, pulls the partially predestined little boy, in the most modest yet noble way, out of the water, and forthwith goes into business with the rich little boy's father at Albany. There he renews the acquaintance of the polysyllabic young lady, and between two sessions of the legislature is introduced to the governor. The Remarkable Young Man feels this deeply; the governor, apparently, not quite so much. The R. Y. M. and the reader next discover (another master-stroke) that the Albany young lady is elder than our hero and, of course, the match the reader has made between them is broken off. Under these circumstances there is only one thing for him to do. The R. Y. M., like all successful young merchants, prefers law, saves up salary, goes to college, is the Most Remarkable Young Man there, makes the usual severe studies for the New York bar, has the marvellous good fortune to be admitted on his very first examination, thereby becomes a lawyer and makes a large fortune immediately (though no young lawyer will see anything remarkable in that), reluctantly consents, etc., to be a senator, returns home to his suburb, and finds that the young person we first picked out for him, before the Albany girl interfered, is in a remarkably unmarried state and the twenty-sixth year of her age. Her hair-breadth escape from the villagers is too strange not to strike him, and he concludes not to tantalize her any more, but instantly marries her, and this most wonderful work slopes through years of senatorial glory to an end.

The career of this young man is indeed passing strange. Altogether, we have never met with exactly such a young man. The world owes Mrs. E. A. Welty a welkin-full of thanks, and her book must, of course, be placed in the archives at Albany and copies sent forthwith to Senators Morgan and Conkling as a sample of what they might have been. And we are very sure that no other of the prominent novelists of to-day has ever written anything like this, but that on a comparison with any or all of them Mrs. E. A. Welty's volume will stand forth triumphantly *Self-made*.

The Life of Saint Paul of the Cross. By the Rev. Father Pius a Sp. Sancto. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1868.—"No religion," says an eminent writer, "no ethical philosophy, is worth anything if the teacher has not lived the life of an apostle and been ready to die the death of a martyr." All history bears witness to the truth of this statement, of which the lives of the saints furnish a practical exemplification, and although the subject of the present biography was not called upon to undergo the extreme sacrifice which was the crowning glory of the earlier disciples of Saint Peter, yet by his humility, devotion, and interior charity he was made an instrument for the sanctification of souls, and his life of self-abnegation, extreme austerity, and

serious contemplation was as important and useful to the cause of the Holy Church in modern times as was the martyrdom of the early Christians at the period of its foundation. In early life Saint Paul of the Cross was not submitted to those painful trials which befell so many of his predecessors; his parents were remarkable for their piety; his father read aloud to his children the lives of the saints, and perpetually enjoined upon them the necessity of leading virtuous lives; all temptations were removed beyond their reach, all that was profane kept strictly from their view. But the youthful piety and extreme austerity of Paul exceeded by far the injunctions imposed by the father, and the sanctity of the boy merited for him at an early age the divine call which made his life a lengthened act of sublime devotion—the inward spirit and love of God animating and sustaining the exterior man. At the age of twenty-three he relinquished a large property which came to him by right of inheritance, and bound himself, like Saint Francis d'Assisi, to absolute poverty. The founding of the new order which was the chief aim of his life, and on which his daily meditations were bestowed, was attended with extreme difficulty; so great a work required on the part of him who should perform it a rare combination of saintly attributes—purity of life, concentration of thought, a truly devotional spirit, surpassing zeal, and great courage.

"A founder has to go before all his followers in the perfect observance of the rules he lays down; nay, those rules must be a simple transcript of his own life. He has to consult the tastes, the temperaments of future generations as well as his own, to blend severity and sweetness so perfectly that his system of life will attract the fervent and not repel the lukewarm. He has to undergo the criticisms and persecutions of an exacting world, which resents every attempt at a perfect life as an encroachment on its own time-honored customs."

"The genius of the Church is eminently conservative. She repels novelties of any shape or form, and her instincts recoil at anything which jars in the slightest degree with pre-existent customs. The reformer of abuses she always hails, but his reforms must be carried out according to her own teachings, or he is flung out of her pale. She has, beside, a traditional repugnance against the multiplication of different orders; and that repugnance is expressed in more than one decree of her great councils. She is ready to meet every exigency which may arise within the fold, but prefers burnishing up old armor to forging, much more to inventing, new."

Paul received the habit in 1720, but only after a long novitiate of five years did he obtain permission from Rome to found the order he had so long meditated, and it was not until fifteen more years had elapsed that his new institute was organized. In his rules for the Passionist discipline he preserved the principal features which distinguish the elder orders of the Church, with such modifications as rendered them better suited to the present age. In the preface to the first edition of the rules he states:

"I wish you to know that when I wrote, I wrote as fast as if there had been somebody in a professor's chair dictating to me. I felt the words come from my heart. I have written this, that it may be known that it was a particular inspiration of God; as to myself, there is nothing in me but sin and ignorance."

Such was the approval of them by the Pope, that he is reported to have said, "This congregation of the Passion is the last to come into the world, and it seems it should have been the first."

The simple annals of the life of this good man are full of interest. During his life twelve houses belonging to his order were founded, and under the sanction of the Pope he established a sisterhood of Passionist nuns, who received from a wealthy and pious family the land and building of their first convent. After a long life of usefulness, Saint Paul died in 1775, and during the past year his canonization took place at Rome, an event which, though memorable in the annals of the Church, we can scarcely agree with the biographer of the saint in considering "the greatest event which history has ever recorded."

Appleton's Short-Trip Guide to Europe. By Henry Morford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—The task of lighting the traveller on his way is oftentimes as thankless as it is laborious; the best routes are selected for him, the necessary information respecting facilities and prices carefully noted, and everything which can make his journey pleasant and easy—short of actual transportation—is done for his accommodation; yet if the tourist see with other eyes than those of his guide, or if his own stupidity render him indifferent to the beauties so clearly presented to his attention, he is apt to be more discontented than thankful for the good counsel which has been thrown away upon him. Mr. Morford is doubtless prepared for this in some instances, but we trust that the gratitude of his more appreciative readers will have a counterbalancing effect. His instructions will be of the utmost service to those who may be desirous of following in his footsteps, or of seeing the greatest number of interesting scenes and objects in the shortest space of time and with the least trouble and expense. He does not indulge himself, and weary his readers, by lengthy art criticisms or enthusiastically exaggerated pictures of scenery—although his journeys have led him through scenes of rare and exquisite beauty, rich with the ruins of a glorious past and evidences of the highest existing culture and civilization; but he desires that his countrymen may profit by the experience of one who has, as he says, "been ashore on most of the shoals and mud-banks of rashness, ignorance, and comparative poverty, in his experiments at foreign travel, and knows where they are now." The advice given by the author in the chapter entitled *Preparations* is sound and practical, full of good sense, and such as we, who are old travellers, are,

heartily commend to the serious consideration of all who contemplate a foreign tour. Altogether this work is a very exhaustive and systematic little compendium of useful information. We regret to see a book deserving of so much commendation disfigured by what must be called "puffery;" it is not consistent with good taste; exaggerated encomiums bestowed upon trades-people and hotel-keepers—how great soever their deserving—is apt to defeat its own object, by placing the persons so spoken of in a ridiculous position; the merit of a shopkeeper is not enhanced by calling him a "prince of dealers."

Lake George. By B. F. De Costa. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.—This is not only a guide to one of the most beautiful of our lakes, but includes beside a very charming little history of a tract of country which furnished ample materials for it during the Colonial as well as the Revolutionary days, and which still at every turn offers to the tourist some memento of the wars between the French and English, or of desperate encounters with Indians. Mr. De Costa has taken pains to attain historical accuracy on all points, and of course demolishes one or two of the favorite legends of romantic travellers. The descriptive portions of the little work are pleasantly written, free from affectation, and furnish all the information that can be desired by the tourist in a most convenient, well bound, and beautifully printed volume

Publisher's Uniform Trade List Directory. Philadelphia: Howard Challen. 1868.—Of the merits of this book, as it appeared in parts, we have already once or twice spoken. Now we have in one pretty volume the lists—complete, we imagine, from a very careful inspection—of the books issued by about two hundred American publishers, of many of whom we now hear for the first time. To librarians, publishers, and all whose business has to do with books, this *Directory* must prove indispensable. When completed by the promised alphabetical index of book-titles—the books now being classified, chiefly according to subjects, under the names of their publishers—it will afford as direct instructions to the seeker for any book of American production as does a directory to the whereabouts of one's friend, one quest at present being about as hopeless as the other in the absence of a clue. Nobody who buys many books, still less any bookseller, can well afford not to have the *Directory*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MACMILLAN & Co., London.—*Acadian Geology.* By John William Dawson, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Pp. xxvi, 694. 1868.
VIRTUE & Co., London; New York: Virtue & Yorston.—*True of Heart.* By Kay Spen. Pp. vii, 310. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—*The Worship of Jesus, in its Past and Present Aspects.* By Samuel Johnson. Pp. 92. 1868.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—*Good Stories.* Pp. 262. 1868.
We have received *The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York.* 1867-68.
We have also received current numbers of *The Congressional Review*—Boston and London; *Futnam's Magazine*, Good News, *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*—New York; *The Student*—London.

LIFE INSURANCE.

NO more interesting subject to the student of social science in America exists than the development of Life Insurance during the last decade. Ten years ago the companies devoted to the insurance of lives occupied a position of respectability it is true, but it was a respectability tinged with stagnation. They had been successful, but their success had been the result of very limited action, and when compared with the strides which have since been taken was very meagre. In England the science of insurance had been cultivated to a high degree, and its benefits and usefulness had been extended to a remarkably large portion of the middle and higher classes of the population all over the country, while here it was almost confined to commercial centres and to the commercial classes. The stimulus which the war and the consequent inflation of the currency gave to all our enterprises was largely felt, and, added to this stimulus, the application of the principles of the insurance of lives had been extended sufficiently long to build up an American system, and to supply a basis for those refined calculations which are the foundation of the business. Heretofore the Carlisle and Northampton tables of mortality had been the basis upon which all calculations of the expected duration of lives had been made. These were admitted to be very crude, and when we take into consideration the difference in climate, avocations, and habits of our people from those who supplied the facts for those tables, we do not wonder that they should be found deficient. Fortunately, however, for the system, the English tables were erroneous on the right side. They supplied statistics of human life under circumstances less favorable to longevity than those which surround our population, and the rates of insurance based on those tables have in consequence been very remunerative to the insurers. A very much fewer number of deaths occurred among insured lives than the tables gave as the average. The companies having therefore to pay a much less sum for losses than they expected to pay, were enabled to accumulate large surpluses and to distribute in dividends immense sums. In another particular, also, this has been fortunate. Almost all the American companies are constituted on the mutual plan. In other words, the business is done not for the profit of the underwriters solely, but the gains of the company are divided

among its members. The profits thus obtained by the inaccuracy of the tables returned to the insured in large additions to the policy, or in substantial dividends to be applied to the reduction of premiums. Many of the old policies of the Mutual Life Insurance Company have by this process doubled in amount, and many which were not allowed to accumulate were paid up in full by dividends, and the insured are now deriving a cash income therefrom.

But ten years ago the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city, having passed under the executive control of Mr. Frederick S. Winston, began a new career which presents a most extraordinary history of successful enterprise, and which not only placed itself at the head of the Life Insurance business of America, but tended, by the impetus which it gave to the science and the emulation which it excited among other companies, to create a new interest in the whole subject, and to extend its benefits in a most remarkable degree. Energetic agents were appointed for territorial districts, judicious advertising plans were adopted, and a large amount of most interesting life insurance statistics were prepared and published. The medical department, under the control of Dr. Post, for twenty years the physician of the company, was reorganized, an immense number of facts and data collected, and tables prepared based upon the experience of American companies. The able actuary of the company, Mr. Sheppard Homans, who, with Mr. Elizur Wright, of Boston, stands at the head of his profession, thoroughly digested and applied this mass of statistics, and has developed from it the rates and various plans of insurance now in practice. Nor were the other companies idle. The new life seemed to pervade them all, and each in its turn stood ready to adopt the various improvements. About this time the Equitable Life Assurance Society was projected by Mr. Henry B. Hyde, for years previously connected with the Mutual, and its career since has been one of unexampled prosperity and success.

The progress of the Mutual Life Insurance Company has been wonderful. In 1857 its receipts amounted to one million one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars; in 1867 they were ten million. Its accumulated fund in 1857 was four and a half million; in 1867 it was twenty-two and a half million. It has paid out for claims by death six million, and for dividends four million dollars. These few figures illustrate its progress; but a careful study of the statistics furnished in its annual report will repay any person feeling an interest in the subject. We have selected the Mutual because its career exhibits the most extraordinary results, but the greater number of all the companies engaged in the business show comparatively as favorable figures. The business is at the high tide of success; and such has been the action of the gentlemen engaged in the management of the companies in the past, that we are justified in expecting continued progress. It is not, perhaps, desirable that the great accumulations of the Mutual should be followed by other companies, and there is much to be said in favor of a wider distribution of the business.

The issue of endowment policies—a feature recently introduced—has become popular. These are payable when the insured attains a certain age, or at death, if that event occurs first. Annuities have not as yet been granted to any considerable extent; our people do not appreciate them, and the companies do not offer any inducements. But various new and attractive features have been recently introduced. The Universal Insurance Company issues policies without dividends at low rates, and the non-forfeiting system has now been very generally adopted.

The success of the London Provident Association in insuring persons who adopt the homœopathic system of medicine has led to the establishment here of the Homœopathic Mutual Life Insurance Company, which has just commenced business in this city under very favorable auspices, with Mr. D. D. T. Marshall as President, and Mr. E. A. Stansbury as Secretary. The homœopaths hold that the rate of mortality is less among them than among the adherents of the old school, and this company is established to give a practical test to this opinion. The company has had prepared by Mr. Elizur Wright separate tables for homœopathic and non-homœopathic risks, and intends to keep its accounts of profits and losses in each class separately. Of course the physicians of the new school are very much interested in the success of the experiment, and the six thousand practitioners who are followers of Hahnemann in the Northern and Eastern States will be an efficient corps of propagandists of this new insurance idea. Whether or not the experience of the company will prove the truth of the allegations of decreased mortality among homœopaths, the company itself bids fair to succeed. Indeed, the rates of insurance are such as to allow of business being done at much lower figures. The difference will, of course, be felt in the dividends, but the necessity for extending the benefits of insurance among all classes renders it of paramount importance that rates should be as low as is consistent with entire safety. The profits of the Homœopathic Company are in part to be accumulated into a reserve fund until the amount of one million and a half dollars is reached, after which accumulation all the profits are to be distributed among the insured. This company also insures without participation in the profits, at greatly reduced rates. The experience of all the companies which heretofore adopted the system of giving credit for part of their premiums is adverse to the continuance of that system, and the cash plan is the one now generally adhered to.

It is too late in the century for the class which forms

the readers of *The Round Table* to need argument to prove the beneficence and utility of life insurance. We presume that when a man insures his house against fire he admits the necessity of insuring his life. In the one case the policy may run a hundred years and the house not be destroyed—in the other, the day of payment must arrive. Looked upon as an investment of savings, there is no more remunerative one than a life policy, while, if there are dear ones depending upon a man for support and he neglects to provide for them in so easy and so sure a way, the omission is hardly less than criminal.

TABLE-TALK.

YALE is popularly supposed, at least by those who have observed the gifts she has received within a few years, to be wealthy. But from the first of a series of annual statements of her condition and progress—made by the executive committee of the alumni for the information of graduates and benefactors, and not published—it appears that the college is, if not absolutely poor, very much straitened. Only six of the professorships, for instance, are endowed, the aggregate amount being \$126,760, and only one of the six affording an income sufficient for even the modest support of a family; and "the oldest professors," in the words of the statement, "receiving hardly two-thirds the amount given to some of the youngest ministers in" New Haven, while the almost nominal charge for tuition yields by no means enough even for this. With the library the case is similar. The collection and the building are indeed fine, and there have recently been made several valuable contributions, including one from President Woolsey of early French and German works and nearly one thousand works from his own Greek library; but the income "has been anticipated to such an extent that but few purchases, and those only of absolute necessity, can now be ventured upon;" and, further, "during the last twenty years, while the cost of books has nearly doubled, and the demand arising from the growth of the college, and still more from the increased activity in every department of knowledge, has multiplied fourfold, the increase of the library funds is expressed by so small a fraction as one-tenth." The museum of natural history was in even more lamentable plight, some of the very numerous specimens being in unpleasant rooms in unsuitable buildings, and others stowed away, for want of even these accommodations: at this point, it will be remembered, Mr. Peabody came to the rescue, giving \$150,000, with \$100,000 of which a fine building is to be erected, to be commenced probably in 1870, while the remainder is to be applied to the care and enlargement of the collection. So the very beautiful building for the School of the Fine Arts, which the late Mr. Street built and endowed most generously, is not only prevented by lack of funds from giving any other instruction than may be afforded by the works of art it contains or by chance lectures, but, until certain funds become available, is an actual matter of expense to the college. So with many other things—the fund for building a creditable chapel, to take the place of the detestable structure now in use, is as yet little more than \$38,000; new dormitory buildings are needed, there being a little less than \$131,000 in hand for the purpose; the Divinity School lacks lecture- and all other public rooms, and even its dormitory building, the unsightly facsimile of all the others, is required for the academic students. And so on, the case being that the general resources of the college receive no benefit from the recent liberal endowments for special purposes, which, on the contrary, are often a heavy tax on its already overtaxed income. Thus the college is very much crippled and an injurious economy is enforced.—In fine, the lesson to be drawn from the whole statement—which has an interest for all Yalensians that the direction of our remarks has not indicated—is the one we have often returned to of late and which seems to us the one of most importance to those interested in the cause of higher education. This is the diversion into unworthy or superfluous channels of means which might advantageously be applied to building up institutions of assured worth and with foundations already firmly laid. A successful merchant, for instance, who desires to do a liberal and enlightened thing hits upon the plan of giving \$100,000 to an educational institution. So he establishes the Tompkins University and gets immensely extolled for it, and after a few years of complacent anticipation of the honor in which the name of Tompkins will be held by academic hosts in future generations, he gradually awakens to the fact that his beneficence has entailed a life of penury on a half-organized and wholly poverty-stricken faculty, who preside over the instruction of a dozen or two young men, who, in their turn, get, beyond an imperfectly completed round of studies, none of the culture that pervades an old college community and is no more to be extemporized than a forest, but only some imperfectly acquired classics and mathematics and the particularly ridiculous manners characteristic of all small-college societies. Had Tompkins given his \$100,000 to one of the dozen colleges that have demonstrated a claim to it, he might, negatively, have avoided his conspicuous obscurity, and, positively, have placed his name—if that was his purpose—before numbers at once greater and more appreciative; have had the comfort of knowing that hundreds, instead of dozens, are being immediately or indirectly bettered by

his gift; that its use has been confided to men having the facilities as well as the knowledge to avail of it most advantageously; and have seen it applied directly to the accomplishment of ends already worked up to, instead of absorbed in the arrangement of preliminaries that seldom become available to any desirable end. Could the foolishness of the whole parvenu-college business be appreciated by the very well-meaning but vaguely blundering people who are responsible for them, or, failing this, could something in the nature of monopolies be obtained for a dozen or a score of judiciously distributed colleges,—then the concentration of endowments that are now wasted, like water poured in the sands, would renew the arrested growth of what in a few years might become creditable rivals of the European universities.

A NOTEWORTHY exemplification of the diverse constitutions of population in certain regions in the West was afforded by the Fourth of July celebration in Kossuth, a Wisconsin village. The performance was trilingual; an oration was made, and the Declaration of Independence read, in English, in German, and in Bohemian.

PUNCH AND JUDY'S appearance in the streets of American cities deserves a cordial recognition as well as the very substantial revenue in nickel coin which, we understand, has been pouring in upon its cockney managers. Brooklyn, so far as we know, is the only city that has yet been favored by the apparition of the famed foreigners, and we doubt whether native talent would be more successful in their multiplication than in that of the *Grande Duchesse*. But the reception accorded the Brooklyn establishment by enraptured children, thoroughly blasé of the eternal hand-organ with its occasional monkey which has hitherto formed our only street show, has been such as to warrant some English Barnum in exporting a whole ship-load of Codlins and Shorts for diffusion throughout the continent.

OAISMEN have been awaiting with interest the completion of the paper boat ordered for the Harvard University crew. The boat turns out not to be a success, but not conclusively a failure. It gains 40 pounds in weight—its weight is 130 pounds, against 170 of a similar wooden six-oar, being 52 feet long and 19 inches broad. Wherein she fails is stated by *The Harvard Advocate*:

"She has had a fair trial of a fortnight by the Harvard, and has been pronounced inferior to their wooden boat. She is very light and very stiff, and her bottom admits of a very fine polish; but her model is poor. She is too full in the bows, and too fine aft, her greatest breadth being too far forward, apparently about number four's place. This causes a marked rocking motion and an excessive 'dipping' of the stern, which retards the boat. She has been found by repeated quarter and half-mile sprints to be invariably several seconds slower than the wooden boat. She is to be sent back to the builders, by virtue of the agreement that this should be done if the boat did not prove satisfactory; so that the first season's experience with paper boats shows that a gain in lightness by no means compensates for a loss in model, but that in everything except model the paper boats are superior to wooden ones."

THE Boston correspondent of *The American Publisher and Bookseller* relates, *à propos* of a complete *Shakespeare* which Messrs. Lee & Shepard are preparing to sell at the marvellously cheap rate of half a dollar, the following story:

"One of our book-houses recently bought five hundred copies of a cheap *Shakespeare* and put the books in its windows. Laboring men and mechanics, passing on their way home from work, would stop, look at the books, and entering, pull out their greasy wallets, and depart with the treasure-house of poetry and philosophy in their hands; in a few days the supply of cheap *Shakespeares* was exhausted. This fact indicates the almost universal appetite of the masses for good reading. A very large part of the less cultivated classes are contented with story papers and trashy novels, to be sure; but there are still thousands, if not millions, who demand something better, and it is their wants that our publishers must supply."

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce: *Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants, or Civilization and Barbarism*, from the Spanish of D. F. Sarmiento, Argentine minister to the United States, with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Horace Mann; *Reminiscences of European Travel*, by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., preacher to Harvard University, and Plummer professor of Christian Morals; *Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil*, by Felix O. C. Darley, with more than sixty illustrations on wood; *The Tragedian, an essay on the Historic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth*, by Thomas R. Gould, with a photograph from Mr. Gould's bust of Booth; *Macaulay's History of England*, a student's edition, in four volumes; *The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide*, a book descriptive of sports and observances, illustrated by F. O. C. Darley; a new edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with introduction relating to the author and his book, and eight illustrations by Thomas Nast; *Stories of the Prairies*, selected from the works of J. Fenimore Cooper; *The Ainslee Stories*, by Helen C. Weeks, with eight illustrations by Champney and Smith; *Little Lou's Sayings and Doings*, with eight illustrations, by M. L. Stone; *Tales for Little Connoisseurs*, by Mrs. S. H. Bradford, with four illustrations, by M. L. Stone; *Undine, and Other Stories (Two Captains, Aslauga's Knight, Sintrim, and Undine)*, by Fouqué, with eight illustrations by H. W. Herrick; *Fior d'Alisa*, by Alphonse de Lamartine; *The Instrument of Association: A Manual of Currency*, by George A. Potter; *A Candid Examination of the Question whether the Pope of Rome is the Great Antichrist of Scripture*, by the late Right Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Vermont; *The Primitive Eirenicon: one Evangelical Ministry*, by the Rev. Mason Gallagher; *History of the Presbytery of Erie*, with biographical and Historical Sketches, etc., by the Rev. S. J. M. Eaton; *The Linden-Tree Cottage, and the Accepted Sacrifice*, poems, by Mrs. Angelica Bishop Barrett;

Poems, by Horace P. Biddle; *Admiralty Jurisdiction and Practice in the United States*, by David Roberts; *Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers*, by Dr. B. A. Gould.

MR. D. SMITH has delivered in London a lecture descriptive of his *Discovery of the Long-lost Primitive Alphabet*, by which, we understand, he expects to arrive at a simple means of deciphering the Assyrian inscriptions, and thereby throw much light upon Biblical history. His investigations, as we gather from the account given in *The Jewish Chronicle* of London, date from the exhibition in the British Museum, in 1848, of the exhumed Assyrian remains. In these he perceived striking similarity between some of the early Greek letters and the cuneiform characters on the Assyrian slabs; the Assyrian and early Greek letters B, for instance, being the exact counterparts of each other. Following up this clue, he collected an alphabet of the earliest Greek letters in the British Museum, and found the multitudinous groups of cuneiform characters resolvable into 19 simple letters, all formed of triangles. With this alphabet he compared the Cadmean, Etruscan, Pelasgic, Bardic, ancient Hebrew, Samaritan, Phœnician, and Palmyrene, all of which unmistakably exhibit a gradual deterioration from the simple primitive letter, until its original form was finally lost in the Palmyrene. Hence he gets the philological theory that the primitive alphabet must have been of Divine revelation to man, preserved through the Noachian deluge, and kept in use among men on the plains of Shinar; and that from that locality, as the offgoing nations became sufficiently civilized, they borrowed from time to time their modes of writing in different degrees of exactitude and simplicity. In support of this theory, he went largely into the origin of the Assyrian race, and dwelt on the fact that the founder of the empire, being contemporary with his grandfather Shem, would be likely to have the traditional antediluvian alphabet transmitted to him in a simple and uncorrupted form. Mr. Smith then pointed out the relative similarity of the Cadmean, Etruscan, and other early alphabets with the cuneiform alphabet of Assyria in its earliest and purest state, the wedge-shaped or triangular alphabet being obviously the simplest and most symmetrical of all. Dwelling upon the grandeur and magnificence of Nineveh, he insisted that a nation in such a state of civilization could never have had such a miserably rude and imperfect system of writing as was supposed by those who fancied that their alphabet consisted of 300 letters and 500 variants, and he concluded his lecture by showing the mode by which he read the inscriptions by the aid of this simplification of the cuneiform alphabet.

MR. HYDE CLARKE writes learnedly and elaborately in *The Athenæum* exemplifying the affinity between the Caucasian languages, particularly the Georgian and Tibetan. Since the subject was first urged by the orientalist, Mr. B. H. Hodgson, supported by Dr. R. G. Latham, and partially adopted by Mr. Edwin Norris in editing Prichard's *Natural History of Man*, interest in it, Mr. Clarke complains, has appeared to slumber. He has, however, been continuing his investigations with the result of confirming his belief in the accuracy of the theory and in its ethnological importance as calculated to throw much light on early Asiatic history and many questions connected with ancient Persia, Media, Babylonia, and Asia Minor. He thinks that a comparison of the vocabularies of the Caucasian populations will establish affinities and connections with the Tibetan forms, and possibly those of the Transgangetic peninsula, which will go to show that the inhabitants of the Caucasus are "constituted of a miscellaneous aggregation of tribes proceeding to the west, and which before and since their seclusion in the Caucasus have been developed independently of their Tibetan allies." We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Clarke into the comparison of Georgian and Adighe numerals and those of the Gyarung tribes of south-eastern Tibet, which such of our readers as care about it may find set forth at length in his paper, and for which he promises that a large accession of materials for comparison will be made by Mr. W. W. Hunter's forthcoming comparative dictionary of the non-Aryan languages of India. His conclusion is that "the Georgian or Caucasian occupation extended, at least at one time, across the neck of the peninsula of Asia Minor, if not further on both sides; and that the Iberian population in Asia Minor is posterior to the Georgian or Caucasian."

THE Swedish Polar expedition, of which we made mention some weeks since, is probably well on its way north, the first of this month having been the time fixed upon for its sailing from Gottenburg. In the scientific staff are two officers of the Swedish navy, some professors, four zoologists, two botanists, a geologist, and a conservator. Several of these purpose leaving the main party in Spitzbergen, returning thence next September in a vessel which is to be sent to replenish the steamer's supply of coal. The rest will probably pass a winter in the ice, pushing their explorations from the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, and giving special attention to magnetic observations. In Iceland the season is particularly warm, so that it is hoped the Swedish expedition may reach the open Polar Sea, a point of rivalry between it and the North German expedition.

THE COLONIAL SOCIETY, we learn from *John Bull*, is being formed in London, "with a view to create a better knowledge and understanding of the colonies, and to

strengthen the connection and good feeling between them and the mother country." The organization, however, is not to be political in character, but is to maintain series of lectures, a library, a museum, etc., and to further the prosecution in the colonies of such investigations as are carried on in a larger field by the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, the Society of Arts, and similar bodies.

Nobody who is aware of the sweet and lovely temper of one of the authors of *Foul Play* can be surprised to learn that before it was done there arose between the joint authors an internecine conflict—of whose merits we are not in a position to judge—but which seems scarcely to have been exaggerated in the perpetual turmoil subsisting between the members of *Punch's* Novel Company, Limited, who achieved *Chickin Hazard*. This production—which is to be given us by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt—gave promise through its earlier numbers of being the most imitable *jeu d'esprit* for many a year, but toward the last it flattened, as if the writer found his scheme unmanageable, though it was very funny even to the end; this was indicated in the last number of *Punch* by the following

"Editor's Note.—And thank Heaven, it is finished. For of all the troublesome sets of men I've ever had to deal with, these authors and directors are the worst. I shan't publish any of their letters which I have by me, as I consider all correspondence at an end between us. I am going to bring out my own drama of *Foul Play*, or *Chickin Hazard*, which I trust will meet with popular favor, quite independently of the authors, directors, and artists, who have been trying on all sides to interfere with my editorial rights. I appeal to the public. The public is my judge. And the public is honest and intelligent. With the secession of the Editor, without whom further operations are impossible, the Novel Company, Limited, is dissolved. Gentle public, Adieu."

And the note of the "Editor," who is Mr. F. C. Burnand, has this much of reality about it, that beside the rival dramas of *Foul Play*—namely, that of Mr. Reade, which is being played at Leeds; and Mr. Boucicault's, produced at the Holborn (London) and Manchester theatres before the completion of the novel, and said to be perfectly bad—Mr. Burnand has brought out at the Queen's Theatre, London, an extravaganza entitled *Foul Play*, which is described as extremely amusing, and which we hope to see follow the appearance of the burlesque of the novel here.

LUTHER'S monument, the product of contributions from all quarters of Protestant Germany, was inaugurated at Worms on the 27th ult., in the presence of some hundred thousand persons, among whom were several crowned heads—the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia, the King of Württemberg, the Grand Dukes of Weimar and Hesse, Prince William of Baden and other members of the royal families of Germany—while there were messages of congratulation from Queen Victoria and other exalted personages and from various Protestant bodies. The clerical element, it seems, was very numerous, and the sermons are described as so inordinately numerous and prolix as to have bored the assemblage tremendously. The monument is elaborately described and criticised in the correspondence of *The London Times*, from which are the following passages:

"In size and rich variety of design the monument has no equal. In this respect it is an improvement even upon Rauch's Frederick the Great, with its host of generals ranged round the base. It is not a statue, but a combination of eleven statues grouped around, and surmounted by, the gigantic likeness of the Thuringian miner's son. Ascending a few steps you tread on a granite base forty feet square, enclosed on the three outer sides by a battlemented balustrade. In its centre Luther stands pre-eminent. Seated on the four pillars projecting from the corners of Luther's pedestal you see clustering about the master mind his four precursors, who attempted what he accomplished. To this noble array the English, French, Italian, and Slave nations have each furnished a member—John Wickliffe, Petrus Waldis, Jeronimo Savonarola, and Jan Huss. Then turning to the circumference, you notice seven more statues distributed around. Occupying the four corners of the balustrade, and separated from the centre group by the inner space, are the venerable figures of two regal and two clerical allies of the reformatory hero. Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, and Philip the Generous, Landgrave of Hesse, impersonating power and prudence, watch the front; Philip Melancthon and John Reuchlin, with their solid erudition, are at their rear. To these four, or, adding those in the centre group, nine great men—images of real beings—are, with questionable taste, united the symbolical statues of three cities, celebrated in the history of the time—Augsburg, Magdeburg, and Spire—three majestic women take up the centre of each side of the balustrade. Seated, and looking up to Luther, they pleasingly relieve the four corner statues, which are standing, and have their faces turned in the same direction as the central figure. To do justice to the many places which have likewise deserved well of the cause of religious liberty, the battlements of the enclosure are on the inner side decorated with the escutcheons of twenty-four other German cities. These are Brunswick, Bremen, Constance, Eisenach, Eisleben, Emden, Erfurt, Frankfurt, Halle, Hamburg, Heilbronn, Jena, Königsberg, Leipzig, Lindau, Lubek, Marburg, Memmingen, Nordlingen, Riga, Schmalkalden, Strassburg, Wittenberg, and Worms. Thus stands the wonderful structure before us, a petrified piece of history, silent, yet eloquent to any one who knows what has once agitated mankind, and has a presentiment of what will agitate them again. . . . Grand as the total effect is, the best critics agree in regretting that the artist who devised the work did not live to see it completed. Rietschel, who, in 1856, was commissioned to make the model, died a few years ago, when the statues of Luther and Wickliffe alone had been carried out. The rest were modelled from his sketches by Herren Schilling, Dondorf, and Kietz, his three talented assistants. Their achievements are worthy of the studio whence they proceed; but, while acquitting themselves of the task in excellent style, each of the three sculptors seems to have followed the particular bent of his genius rather than co-operated with the others in the production of an artistic whole. The five statues in the centre, indeed, are generally thought to constitute a splendid ensemble; but the seven others, placed much beneath Luther, and divided from him by nearly thirty feet, are described as having the appearance of separate monuments. To connect them with the centre and each other it is necessary to bind them with the strong thread of history; architecturally they are centrifugal rather than centripetal. The circumstance also that the twelve statues are of four different sizes scarcely contributes to impart to the monument that air of composed symmetry indispensable to every composite work of art. Luther is ten

and a half feet high; the figures at his feet, seven feet; the corner statues of the balustrade, eight and a half feet, and those of the towns, six feet."

LEVER introduces into one of his rollicking Irish novels the amusing episode of "Liberty Hall," where everybody is permitted to do just as he pleases, but who does not like to be pleased is made to be pleased! This way of making people happy in spite of themselves is not peculiar to Ireland, and we question whether the tyranny practised in the much-abused name of liberty is not often quite as offensive as that which despotism exercises without any disguise whatever. Late news from the antipodes reminds us forcibly of Lever's "Liberty Hall." The attempt upon the life of Prince Alfred appears there to have given birth to a frenzy of loyalty that not only surpasses all the bounds of common sense and ordinary propriety, but outrages every idea of individual freedom of action. Loyalty is, no doubt, a noble sentiment, for in the highest sense of the word it means nothing more than respect for the majesty of the law, and such loyalty is a trait that should be cultivated by every good citizen. But loyalty may degenerate into fanaticism and intolerance, when it becomes mischievous, if not ridiculous, and this may be said to be the case in Australia. The gentleman who first seized the assassin O'Farrell was almost torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd, and before the mistake could be explained he had been so cruelly treated that he was still confined to his bed when the prince set sail for England. The president of the upper house, who, as the Australian journals inform us, had formerly been one of the most earnest advocates of the abolishment of capital punishment in the colony, declared from the woolsack, five days after the catastrophe, that the criminal should be hung fifty feet high, so that all might see him; and, further, that the gallows should remain standing until the last Fenian had been suspended from it! Still more extravagant was the language employed by the bishop of the diocese in his pastoral letter to the clergy. After this disgrace, says the pious prelate, parents can no longer dare to look into their children's faces, because they must be ashamed to think that they were born in a country where the blood of the son of the Queen has left indelible stains! The entire religious and secular Australian press adopt the same tone and indulge in the same loyal delirium. Nor did this foolish talk and enthusiastic devotion end here. The law, the embodiment of all true loyalty, had to be dragged into the mire to gratify the popular passions. The crime was committed on the 12th day of March, and six days later, on the 18th of the same month, the attorney-general for New South Wales introduced a bill in the Colonial Parliament, which was rushed through all its various stages at one sitting. In a house of 72 members only two had the courage to oppose its provisions, although it was notorious that the unhappy madman O'Farrell had no sympathizers in the whole colony. This bill, which has no precedent in modern times except in the act passed in France after the Orsini conspiracy and the affair of the bombs in the Rue Pelletier, was pushed through both houses in a single day, and approved by the governor on behalf of the crown the very next morning. It makes the mere proposition for a separation of the colony from the mother country "a felony," punishable by imprisonment from seven years to life. Disrespectful language toward the Queen, or the refusal to drink a loyal toast—one would almost believe the times of the Cav-

aliers and the Stuarts had returned—or to decline taking part in any demonstration made in honor of her Majesty, is declared a misdemeanor, and punished by summary arrest and two years' imprisonment. Every publication couched in seditious or unbecoming language, even if unintentional, also involves an imprisonment for three years! And this outrageous law, which is a scandal to a civilized community, is already in force in South Wales. There is some talk of appealing to the Colonial Office to veto this dangerous abuse of colonial independence, but in the present state of the public temper the attempt is not likely to be made.

LIBERAL journalism in France, availing itself of the withdrawal of restrictions in the manner we mentioned last week, seems not unlikely to overdo itself. Since it became possible to start a newspaper without the permission of the Minister of the Interior, there has been a new one almost daily. Thus there are enumerated among the independent journals founded during the first half of June the *Union Libérale*, of Tours; *Indépendant*, of Rheims; the *Messenger de Calvados*, of Caen; and the *Revue Politique et Tribune*, of Paris. At Privas, the chief town of the department of the Ardèche, a journal will soon appear under the name of *Réveil de l'Ardèche*; at Toulouse, the *Progres Libéral*; at St. Brieux, the *Côte du Nord*; at Caen, the *Suffrage Universel*; in the Gers, the *Emancipation*; in the Jura, the *Peuple*; and in the chief towns of the Côtes du Nord and the Saône and Loire two other papers. At Pau and Bayonne two independent journals are also announced. The most important of the new journals is the *Electeur*, which is under the direction of MM. Jules Favre, Hénou, and Ernest Picard, the first and last deputies for Paris, the second for Lyons, and all three of the opposition. It is thus described by a Paris correspondent:

"Its object is to propagate liberal ideas, to call the attention of the peasant population of France to the importance of independent voting, and to induce them to adopt a system of pacific resistance against illegal pressure by vulgarizing the principles with which all citizens ought to be acquainted in order to defend their rights. Furthermore, the *Electeur* will denounce all abuses and support those who attack them; it will report on the agricultural and industrial progress of France—in a word, it will maintain its position as an independent organ, capable of controlling and contradicting, if needful, the *Moniteur des Communes*, an official paper, which it is the main object of the *Electeur* to oppose. The first number contains articles written in a severe style, and of an important nature, on the coming elections. In one article, entitled *Repretons la France*, I notice the following paragraph:

"In a memorable debate M. Billault, addressing the members of the opposition, exclaimed: 'We shall never give Paris back to you.' 'Then,' replied one of the five who represented the party he attacked, 'we shall take it back!' 'If you mean by universal suffrage,' added the Minister of State, 'you will have to wait a long time; if you mean by main force, you will have to wait for ever.'"

And yet, adds the *Electeur*, 'the very next year the crushing suffrages of the capital proved the minister to be in the wrong, and the deputy of the Seine in the right. "Repretons la France"—such is henceforth our rallying cry.'"

Another correspondent says of its first number that, though the name of M. Jules Favre does not appear, the inspiration is very evident; that the government is abused from page No. 1 to page No. 4; and that, though sure to sell, it will probably soon retire from the "kiosks" to the friendly shelter of a library. The noticeable fact is pointed out by the *Journal de Paris*, that while in all directions new journals are starting up on liberal and independent principles, nowhere is there any founded to defend the system which is disappearing, and of which M. de Maupas and M. de Per-

signy have been the warmest advocates in the Senate. According to the Paris correspondence of *The London Examiner* the Emperor is reported, on what authority does not appear, to have said to M. Rouher that he regretted not having accorded entire liberty of the press while he was about it. By way of postscript we have the intelligence, by a later mail, that the *Electeur* has been seized, on the ground that it tends to excite hatred and contempt of the government.

M. DUPINÉY DE VOREPIERRE has recently completed a *Dictionnaire Français Illustré et Encyclopédie Universelle*, which blends the properties of a dictionary and an encyclopædia with such success as to have elicited very general commendation, and to have secured the adoption of the work by the Imperial council for public instruction and other government aid. He has now commenced the publication of a not dissimilar *Encyclopédie de Biographie, de Géographie, et d'Histoire*, which, though of course complete in itself, is the complement of the former work. It is, we may add, a thing which, within moderate compass, is very much wanted in our language.

M. LEMERRE is preparing an elegant volume to contain from twenty to twenty-five sonnets by contemporary French poets, of whom the correspondent of *The Publisher's Circular* enumerates MM. Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Leconte de Lisle, Th. de Banville, Barbier, Catulle Mendez. The etchings will be by French artists of corresponding eminence, who have desired Mr. Haden, the skilful English etcher, to co-operate with them. M. Victor Hugo is also one of the number—the explanation being that he is entirely unable to write sonnets, while it was desired on every hand to have him associated with the work; so he is to do the etching for M. Théophile Gautier's sonnet.

THE *Report on the Progress of Letters*, which MM. Sylvestre de Sacy, Paul Feval, Théophile Gautier, and Ed. Thierry were desired by the Minister of Public Instruction to prepare as a sequence to the Exhibition, is described as so complete and utter a failure as greatly to have disgusted all literary Paris.

MR. SAMUEL LOVER's death, in the seventy-first year of his age, has been announced by the Cable since our last issue. His best known work, doubtless, is the extremely rollicking novel *Handy Andy*, which divides with Mr. Lever's *Charles O'Malley* the suffrages of admirers of that school of uproarious Irish fiction. Writing chiefly for magazines, he obtained for no other one of his productions equal celebrity, though they deservedly attracted much attention at the time of their first appearance, and, together with his skill as an artist, chiefly as a painter of miniatures, made him a social favorite at Dublin before his removal to London. He was not less successful in writing songs—*Rory O'More* and *Molly Bawn*, for instance—and operas, and in a semi-humorous evening entertainment which he styled "Irish Evenings," and made very popular both at home and in this country, in which he made a tour some twenty years ago. Since 1856 he has received from the British government a pension of £100 a year, and his literary labors have been but slight, a little volume of *Lyrics of Ireland* being, we think, all he has published during that period, except in periodicals.

The Intoxicating Perfume which flows from

the dew-bathed leaves of the FLOR DE MAYO is rendered immortal by the hand of art in Phalon's famous EXTRACT of that name, of which the fashionable world has become enamored. Exposure does not extinguish it.

Lorillard's Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco

contains orders which entitle the finders to genuine meerschaum pipes, carved after an original and appropriate design by Kaldenberg & Son, who warrant every pipe as being of the best material. The Yacht Club Tobacco is sold everywhere. Pipes are delivered from our store, 20 Chambers Street, New York.

REMOVAL.

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1868.

ALLEN EBBS,

Importer of

FINE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

Has removed from 183 Broadway to

73 CHAMBERS STREET,

One door west of Broadway.

A. E. has lately received from London a most elegant collection of fine Books.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:



Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

CORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

NOVELTIES IN STERLING SILVER WARE.

DINNER AND TEA SERVICES,
FRUIT AND FLOWER STANDS, ICE CREAM AND
BERRY BOWLS,
WINE COOLERS AND DESSERT SETS,
OF UNIQUE AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

A most

Complete Stock of the Corham Plate,

embracing all their choicest patterns, many of which have been specially made to meet the taste of our patrons.

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN STREET (UP-STAIRS).

AMERICAN

WALTHAM WATCHES.

Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers, and Expressmen, the most exacting class of watch-wearers, as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy, and durability.

For sale by all respectable dealers.

NO. 180, FOR JULY 4,

COMMENCED THE

EIGHTH VOLUME OF

THE ROUND TABLE.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Finance, Literature, Society, and Art.

SCALE OF TERMS.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers,	4 00

(No deduction for less than one year.)

Five copies 1 year, 22 50

During the month of July only, *The Round Table* is offered to clubs of ten (not necessarily to the same address) for \$40 a year.

The Publishers decline all responsibility for remittances sent through the mails otherwise than by Drafts on New York, Checks, or Post-office Money-orders. Address

THE ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION,

132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ROBERT SEWELL.

JAMES F. PIERCE.

SEWELL & PIERCE,ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
62 Broadway, and 21 New Street, New York.

MESSRS. SEWELL & PIERCE practise in all the Courts of the State of New York and of the United States, and give particular attention to the management of Estates, Investment of Moneys, Conveyancing, Organization of Companies, etc., etc.

Vol. 8. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 8.From *The New York Leader*, June 27, 1868.

"*The Tribune* says there is great need for a good literary weekly journal. *The Round Table* was just such a 'good journal' until it had the clever criticism on H. G. which a few weeks ago we copied."

Extract from the Proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, May 18, 1868.

"... Mr. B. Mallon said that there had been some talk with reference to *The Round Table*, a literary paper published in New York, and some of the members were desirous of having it introduced in the city, and especially among the members of the Society. It was equal to any of the best London publications, and should have a widely extended influence.

"Mr. Lancaster spoke in favor of the journal, as did also Dr. Charters.

"Mr. Mallon offered the following resolution, which met with general approbation:

"Resolved, That we commend to the attention of the members of the Historical Society, and to our citizens generally, *The Round Table*, a weekly paper of a very high literary character, eminently deserving a place in every cultivated family in our city."

Extract from a letter of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, dated October 26, 1867.

"I value *The Round Table* very highly indeed. It equals *The London Spectator* and excels *The London Saturday Review*. If persevered in, it will create and command its own public, in a short time—a public composed of our most intelligent classes—of those to whom the purely, or rather impurely, party newspapers are a nuisance."

Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens's preface to *Father Tom and the Pope*, second edition, p. xii.

"*The Round Table*, . . . a review that has blood and marrow in it, for it does not hesitate to speak right out in a straightforward, manly way, and say 'That is wrong,' when it has reason to say so."

From *The Imperial Review*, London.

"The only journal which adequately represents American education and culture."

From *Trübner's Literary Record*, London.

"*The New York Round Table* is the best literary paper published in the United States. It is independent, outspoken, free from anything like favoritism, and we believe totally inaccessible to corrupt influences."

From *The Anglo-American Times*, London.

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

From *The Richmond Enquirer*.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

From *The New York Times*.

"*The Round Table* has become such a weekly journal as has been for a long time needed in the United States—a journal which has the genius and learning and brilliancy of the higher order of London weeklies, and which, at the same time, has the spirit and the instincts of America."

THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1867.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO., ELIAS HOWE, JR., 699 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the Highest Premium, THE ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, per Imperial Decree, published in the *Moniteur Universel* (official journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, 2d July, 1867, in these words:

ELIAS HOWE, JR. } Fabricant de Machines à coudre exposant.
} Manufacture of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor.

RUPTURES CURED.**DR. J. A. SHERMAN,**

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances at his office,

697 Broadway, cor. Fourth Street.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

640 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,

RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW FINISHED,

AND THE

WHOLE GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC

WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

The means provided for construction have proved ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. The Company's FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, payable, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST, IN GOLD, are now offered at 102. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

and have thirty years to run before maturing. Subscriptions will be received in New York, at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau Street, and by JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, 59 Wall Street, and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer.

New York, June 18, 1868.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY,

LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

42 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

* Prompt attention paid to orders by Mail.

THE ROUND TABLE.**COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.**

The leading papers both in this country and in England have pronounced *THE ROUND TABLE* to be the ablest journal of its class published in the United States.

SCALE OF TERMS FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers,	4 00
(No deduction for less than one year.)	
Five copies 1 year,	22 50

As a

MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS

OF ANY CLASS OF GOODS

USED MAINLY BY THE

AFFLUENT AND INTELLIGENT CLASSES,

THE ROUND TABLE has been found to be almost unsurpassed, combining, as it does, the chief requisites of a

GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM:

1. Large Circulation.
2. Affluent and Intelligent Readers, who have not only the desire, but the means, to buy.
3. Clearness and Beauty of Typography, on which the value of any advertisement very large depends.
4. The advantage of every number being, in the generality of cases, preserved for future reference, thus bringing an advertisement frequently before the eye of the reader.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR INSIDE PAGES IN THE ROUND TABLE.

	Once.	1 month.	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
1 Col., \$30	\$100	\$270	\$440	\$730	
1/2 " 18	60	150	250	400	
1/2 " 12 50	40	110	180	280	
1/2 " 10	32	85	140	225	
Per line, 25 cents; 4 insertions, 20 cents; 3 months, 18 cents; 16 cents; 1 year, 12 cents.					
An advance of 25 per cent. on these rates for advertisement outside pages.					

ERIE RAILWAY.

THE BROAD-GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE

BETWEEN THE
ATLANTIC CITIES

AND THE

WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

New and improved coaches run through without change between NEW YORK and CINCINNATI, DAYTON, GALION, MANSFIELD, SALAMANCA, DUNKIRK, and BUFFALO.

Express trains leave New York from Depot, foot of Chambers street, as follows:

7.30 A.M., Day Express,	10 A.M., Express Mail,
5.30 P.M., Night Express,	6.30 P.M., Night Express, daily.

In direct communication with all Western and Southern Lines.

Travellers from the West and South-west make direct connection with Four Express Trains Eastward, leaving as follows:

FROM BUFFALO, 5 A.M., Day Express; 7.30 A.M., Express Mail; 2.35 P.M., Lightning Express; 7.35 P.M., Night Express, daily; 11.20 P.M., Night Express.

FROM DUNKIRK, 7.30 A.M., Express Mail; 5.50 P.M., Night Express; 9.50 P.M., Cincinnati Express.

FROM SALAMANCA, 10 A.M., Express Mail; 3.25 P.M., Lightning Express; 7.45 P.M., Night Express; 11.55 P.M., Cincinnati Express.

Running through to New York without change.

The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches in the world accompany all night trains.

Through tickets can be procured at the principal Offices of the Company and of connecting lines.

WILLIAM R. BARR, General Passenger Agent.

H. RIDDLE, General Superintendent, New York.

NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY!****THROUGH LINE TO CALIFORNIA,**

VIA

PANAMA RAILROAD.

NEW SAILING ARRANGEMENT.

THE 5TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH,

Or the day before when these dates fall on Sunday, from Pier No. 46 North River, foot of King Street, at noon.

July 4, Steamship *Santiago de Cuba*, connecting with new Steamship *Nevada*.

July 20, Steamship *Guiding Star*, connecting with new Steamship *Oregonian*.

These Steamships are expressly fitted for this trade, and are unsurpassed for Safety, Speed, Elegance, and Comfort, and their Rates for Passage and Freight will always be as low as by any other line.

For further particulars address the undersigned at Pier No. 46 North River, foot of King Street, New York.

D. N. CARRINGTON, Agent.

WM. H. WEBB, President.

CHARLES DANA, Vice-President, 54 Exchange Place.

FOUNTAIN'S**IMPROVED PLANCHETTE.**

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

The Greatest and most Wonderful PARLOR AMUSEMENT of the Age, affording Amusement and Study for Old and Young.

Showing the wonderful power of "Mind over Matter."

This little board, being controlled only by Magneto-Electric influence, will Write distinct and intelligible Answers to Questions (mental or oral) while under the magnetic influence.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOARD.

Price \$2. Sent by mail to any address.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

42 John Street, New York.

NEW PATENT PIANOS.**RAVEN & BACON**

(ESTABLISHED 1829),

WAKEROOMS 644 AND 646 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO-FORTES, WITH THEIR PATENT COMBINATION SOUNDING-BOARDS.

PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866.

This invention, introduced exclusively into our Pianos, is of the greatest advantage to the tone of the instrument, as it affects the sounding-board, the very soul of the piano, and produces thereby a pure liquid tone greatly superior in quality and power to that of the ordinary piano. The sounding-board, released from its connection with the piano-case, and resting upon under sounding-boards, is relieved from the rigidity caused by such connection, and its vibratory quality increased.

Our pianos are first-class in every respect, and purchasers will have not only our own guarantee as to their quality, but also the guarantee of the reputation of the instrument, obtained from the experience of our patrons who have used them for a generation. All lovers of this eminently household instrument, as well as parties proposing to purchase new pianos, are invited to call and examine our assortment.